

TWO-GUN KID

WILD WESTERN STORIES!

TWO-GUN KID

NOV.
NO. 10



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THE
**HORRIBLE
HERMIT**
OF
HIDDEN MESA!

IT'S A **STAMPEDE!**
MY HANDS ARE FREE
BUT THERE'S NO TIME
TO UNTIE YOU, RUSTY!
WE'RE **GONERS!**

A BIG
52
PAGE
MAGAZINE!

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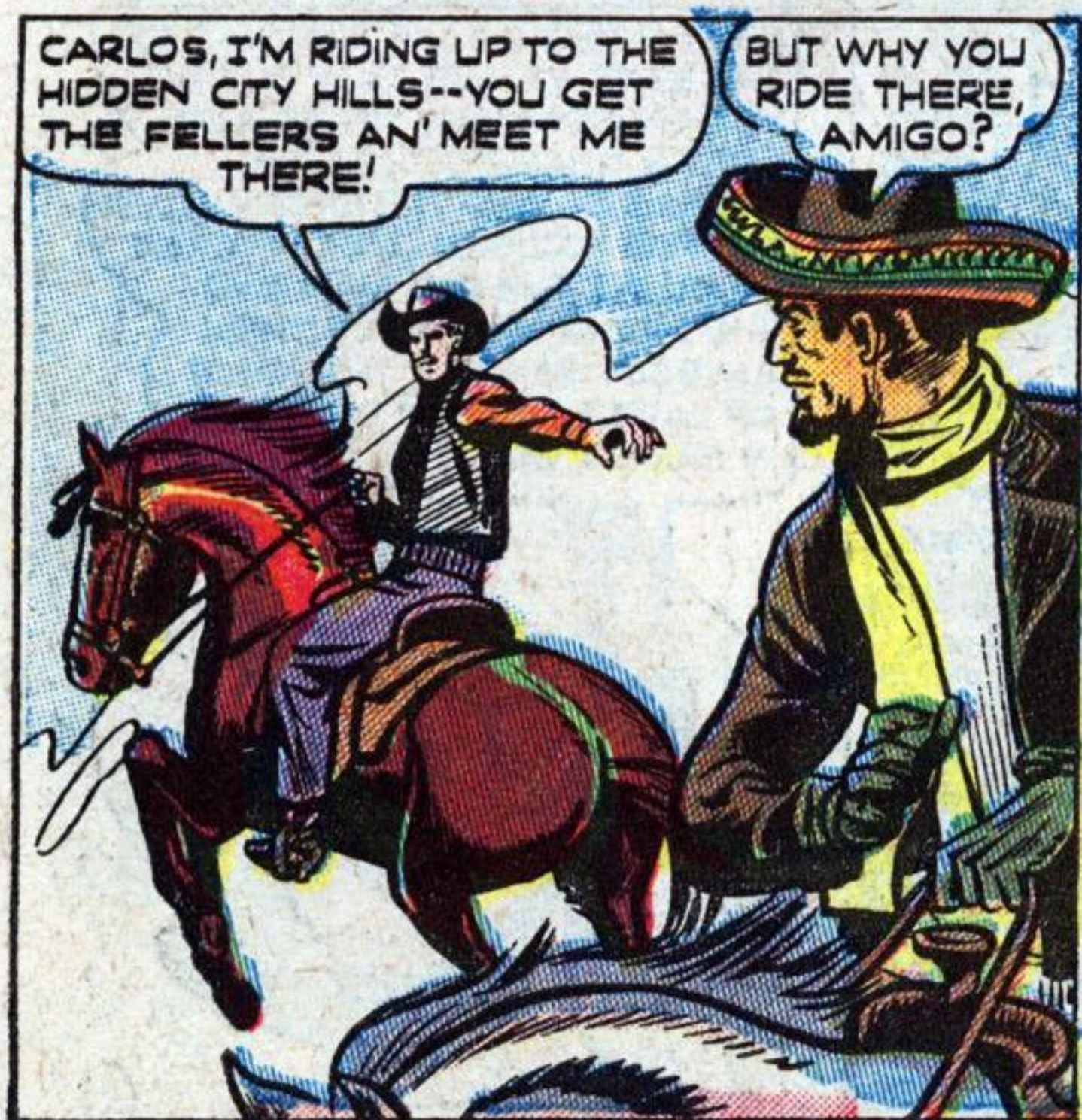


TWO-GUN KID

THE HORRIBLE HERMIT OF HIDDEN MESA!

A MOVIE-LENGTH WESTERN TALE!

6078



WHILE, NOT FAR FROM GREEN VALLEY, THE TWO-GUN KID AND HIS SIDEKICK, RUSTY RANDOLPH, RIDE TOWARD HIDDEN CITY HILLS!

AND THE LEGEND IS THAT AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE THE CITY COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED, LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM HIDDEN CITY HILLS!

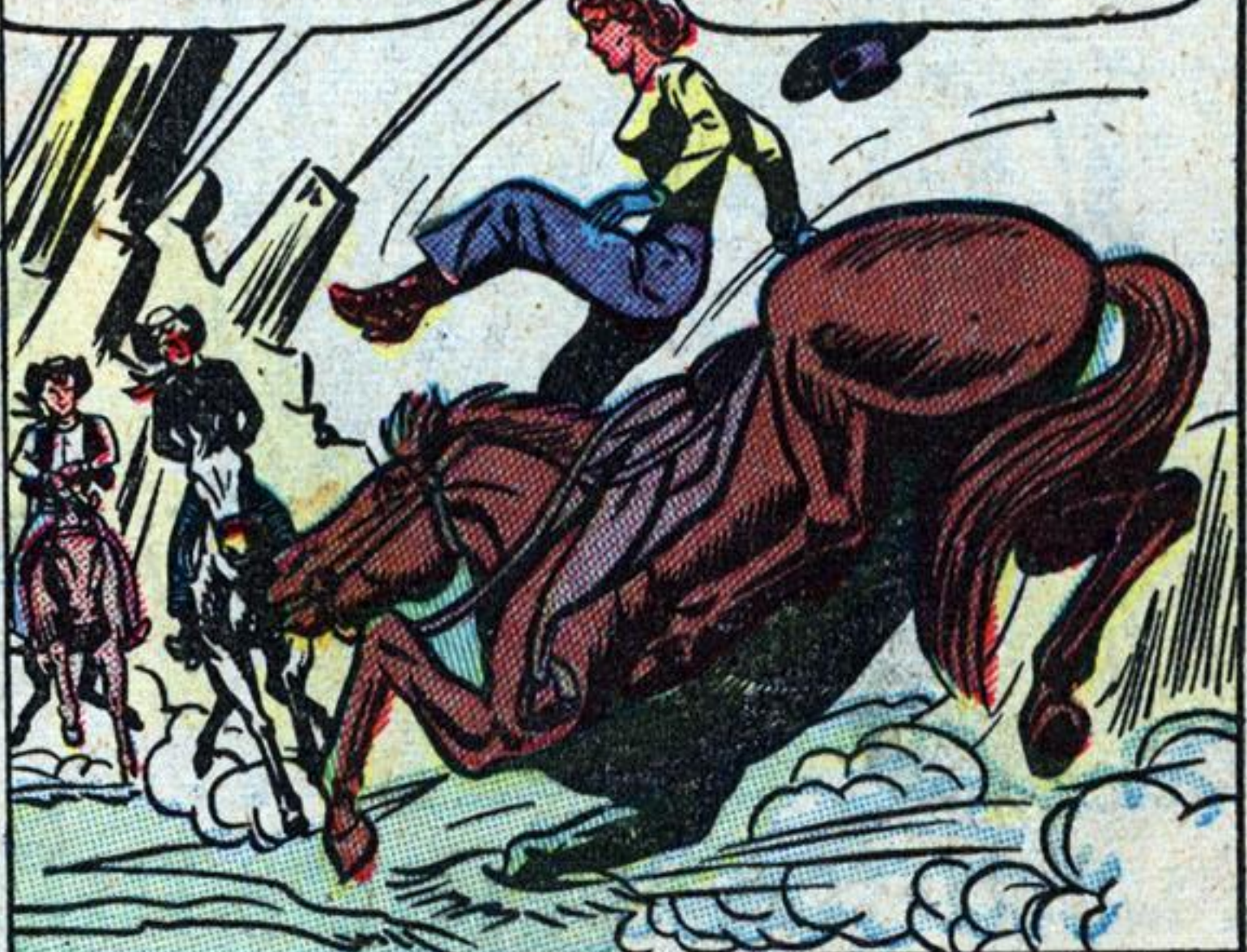
LOOK, KID, SOMEONE'S IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET SOME PLACE!



QUICKLY THE FLYING FIGURE COMES NEARER AND THEN, AS THE KID AND RUSTY WATCH, CATASTROPHE STRIKES!

WOW, THAT BRONC'S SURE GOIN' FLYIN'!

THE RIDER...IT'S A GIRL! LET'S GO, CYCLONE!

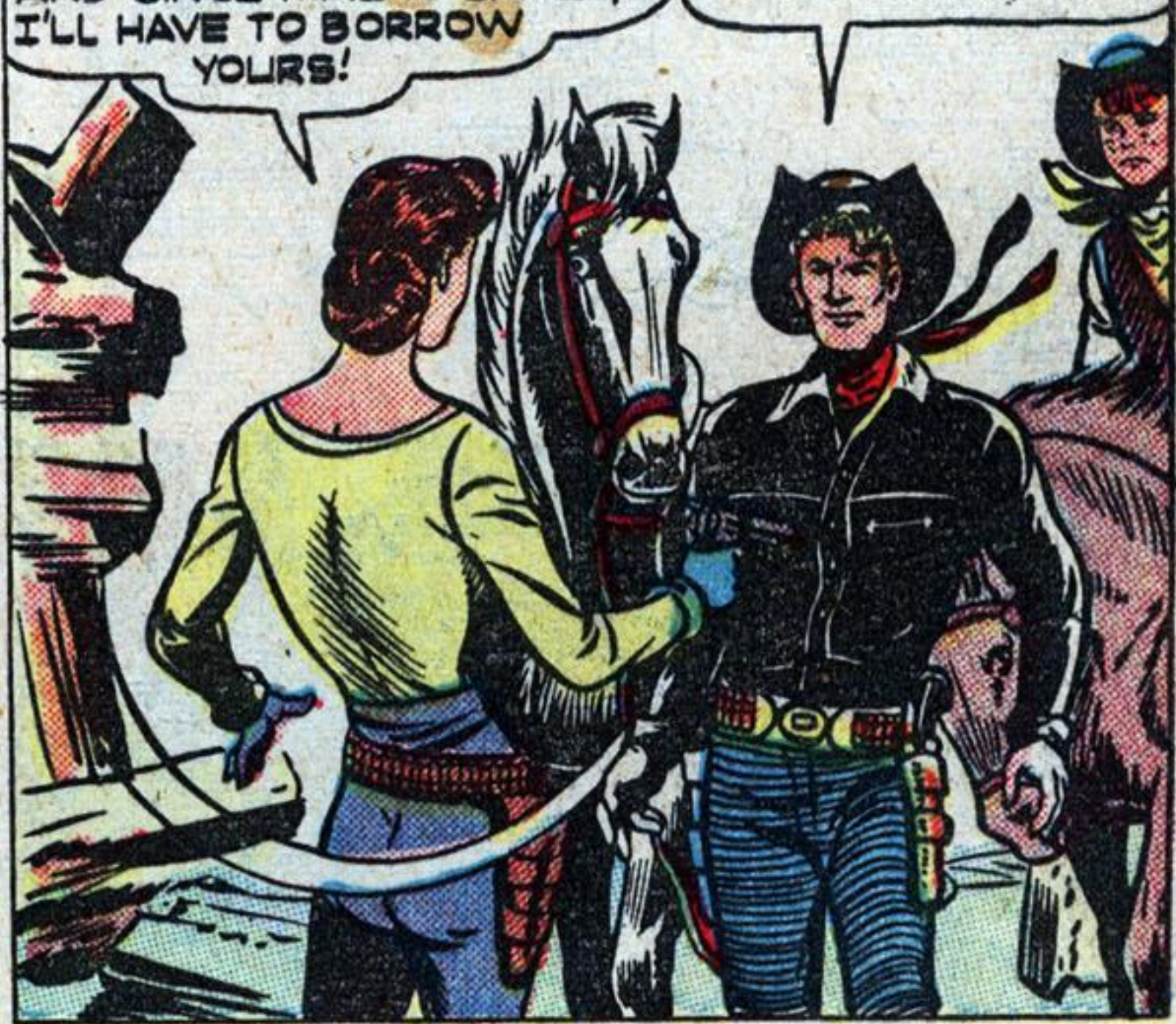


ARE YOU HURT BAD, MA'AM?



I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT I NEED A HORSE BADLY, MISTER! AND SINCE MINE IS LAMED, I'LL HAVE TO BORROW YOURS!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT A GOOD ARGUMENT IN YOUR HAND, MA'AM!



BUT CYCLONE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE RIDDEN BY STRANGERS, SO I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING ELSE!

OH! YOU...



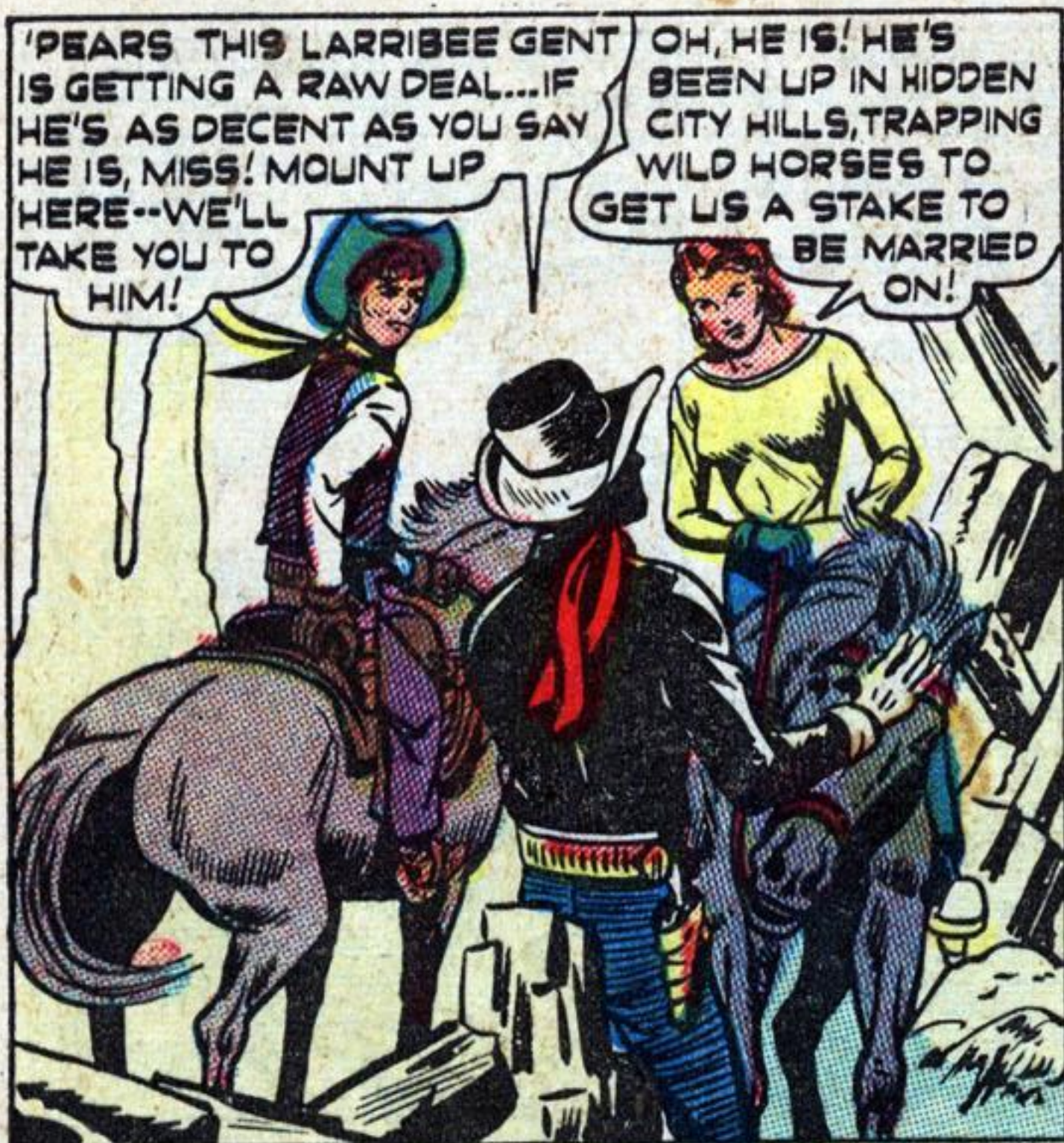
PLEASE HELP ME! I MUST GET TO THE RIVER TO MEET CHET LARRIBEE! WE'RE IN LOVE AND-- AND CHET'S BEEN RUN OUT OF TOWN BY MY FATHER AND SOME OTHER MEN!

WHAT DID HE DO TO MAKE THEM RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN?



CHET DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE THAT BURIED HIDDEN CITY MANY YEARS AGO, CHET'S GRANDFATHER DISAPPEARED, AND THE GREEN VALLEY PEOPLE ACCUSED CHET'S FATHER OF KILLING THE OLD MAN AND THEY HUNG HIM! SINCE THEN ANYBODY BEARING THE NAME OF LARRIBEE ISN'T WELCOME IN GREEN VALLEY!





'PEARS THIS LARRIBEE GENT IS GETTING A RAW DEAL...IF HE'S AS DECENT AS YOU SAY HE IS, MISS! MOUNT UP HERE--WE'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

OH, HE IS! HE'S BEEN UP IN HIDDEN CITY HILLS, TRAPPING WILD HORSES TO GET US A STAKE TO BE MARRIED ON!



THE RIVER'S STRAIGHT AHEAD! MY NAME'S JULIE CARSON AND MY FATHER IS THE BANKER IN GREEN VALLEY!

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND THE OUTCAST SON OF A CONVICTED MURDERER--A TOUGH HAND TO DRAW!



SHUCKS, KID, YOU SAID WE WERE GOIN' INTO THE HILLS AND TRY TO FIND THE HIDDEN CITY, BUT NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' MIXED UP IN THIS THING!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, RUSTY...WE'LL GET TO THE HILLS!

THERE'S CHET! THIS IS WHERE WE ALWAYS MEET!



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WITH JULIE, STRANGERS? TALK FAST OR I'LL SHOOT!

NO, CHET, NO! MY PONY! FELL AND THESE STRANGERS HELPED ME GET HERE TO YOU!



JULIE, I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE HILLS TO GATHER UP THOSE WILD BRONCS, AN' THEN I'M GETTIN' AS FAR AWAY FROM GREEN VALLEY AN' HIDDEN CITY HILLS AS MY HORSE CAN TAKE ME!

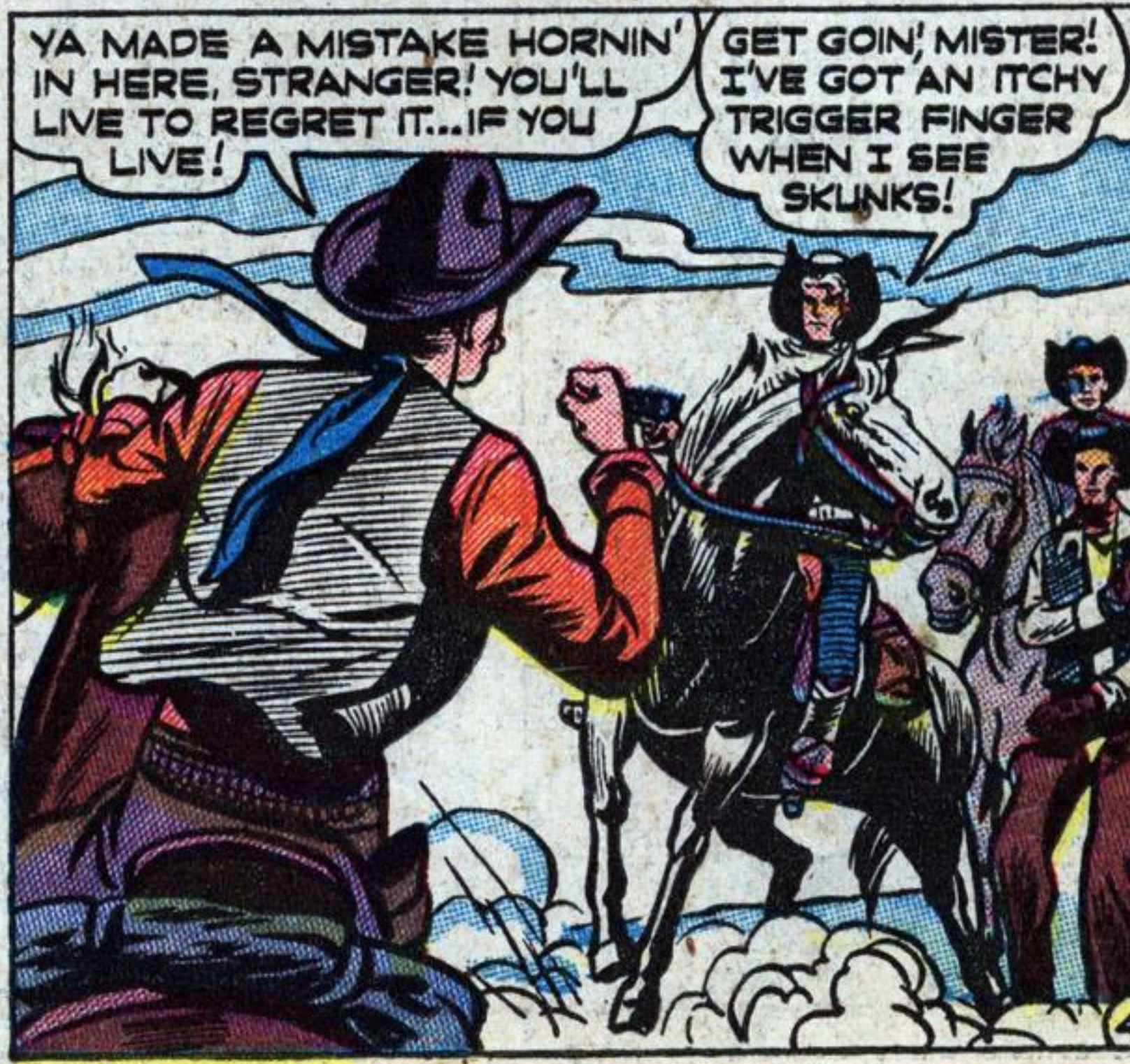
I'LL PACK SOME CLOTHES AND WAIT FOR YOU HERE, AT THE RIVER!



NO, JULIE, THIS IS GOOD-BYE! I CAN'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THAT YOUR FATHER CAN GIVE YOU--TO LIVE THE GYPSY LIFE I'LL LEAD! WHEREVER I GO THE CURSE OF THE LARRIBEE NAME WILL MAKE ME AN OUTCAST--YOU DESERVE MUCH MORE THAN I CAN GIVE YOU! FORGET ME, JULIE--VAYA CON DIOS!



CHET, COME BACK! CHET! OH, CHET!









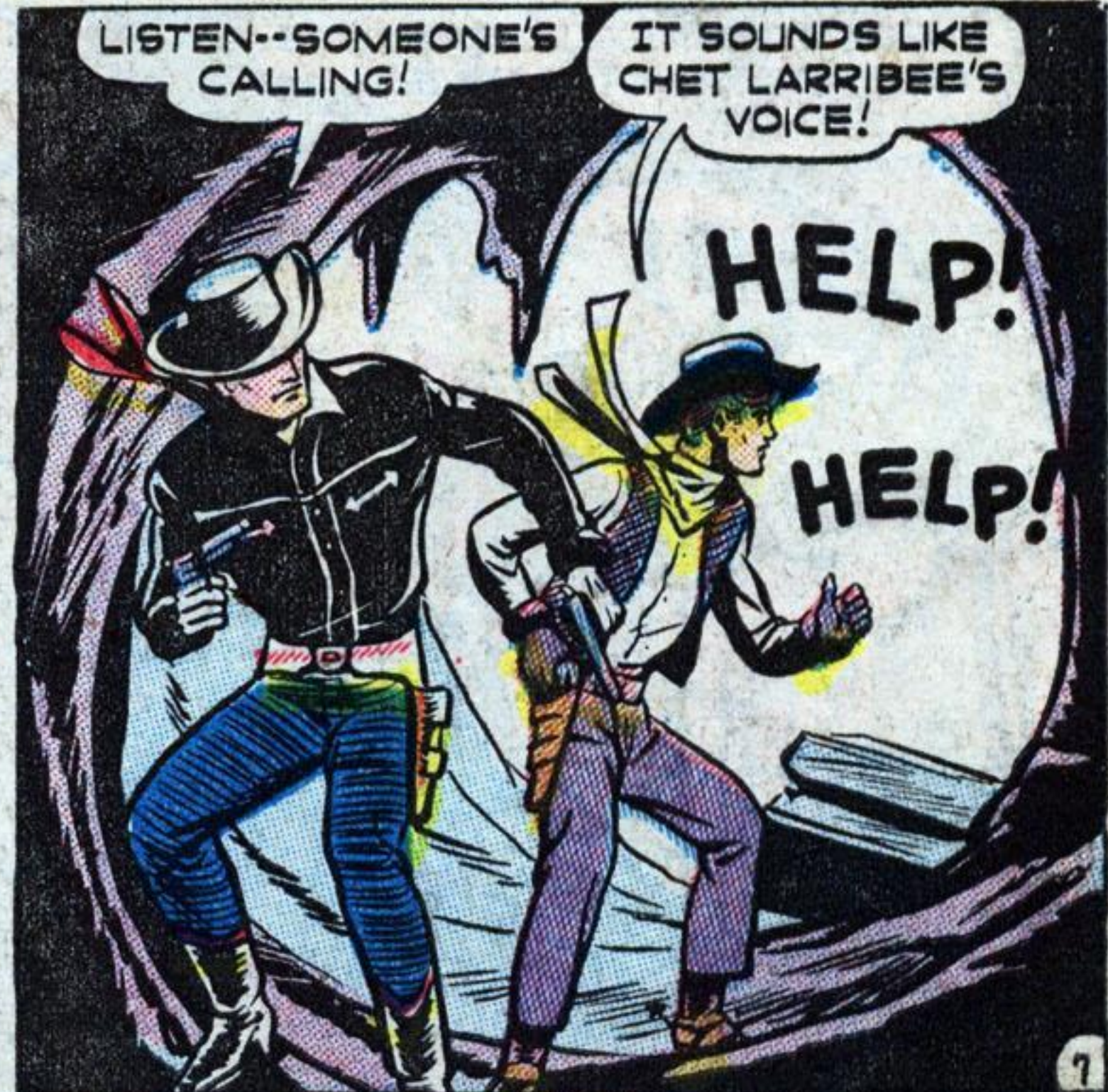
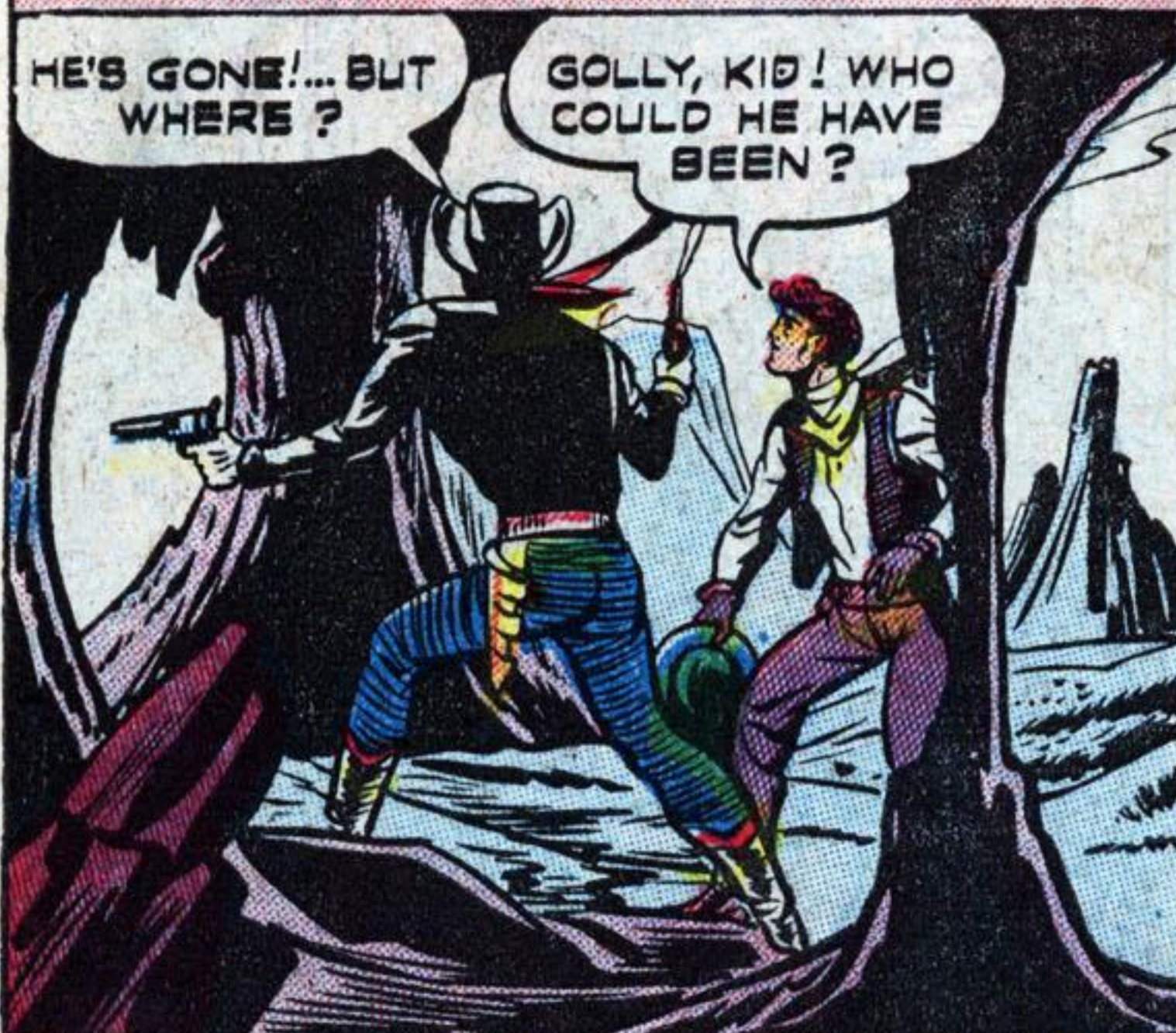
THEIR RUSH TO THE GATE IS IN VAIN! FRANTICALLY THE TWO PARDS SMASH AGAINST THE HEAVY BARRIER TO FREEDOM, BUT IT DEFILES THEM! THEN...

THAT LAUGH, KID... THERE IT GOES AGAIN!

YEAH, I HEAR IT, AND I GUESS THE LAUGH IS ON US--WE'RE TRAPPED!



THE TWO-GUN KID TAKES A FAST SHOT AT THE FIGURE, BUT THE GARGOYLE-LIKE, DEMONIC VISAGE HAS DISAPPEARED!



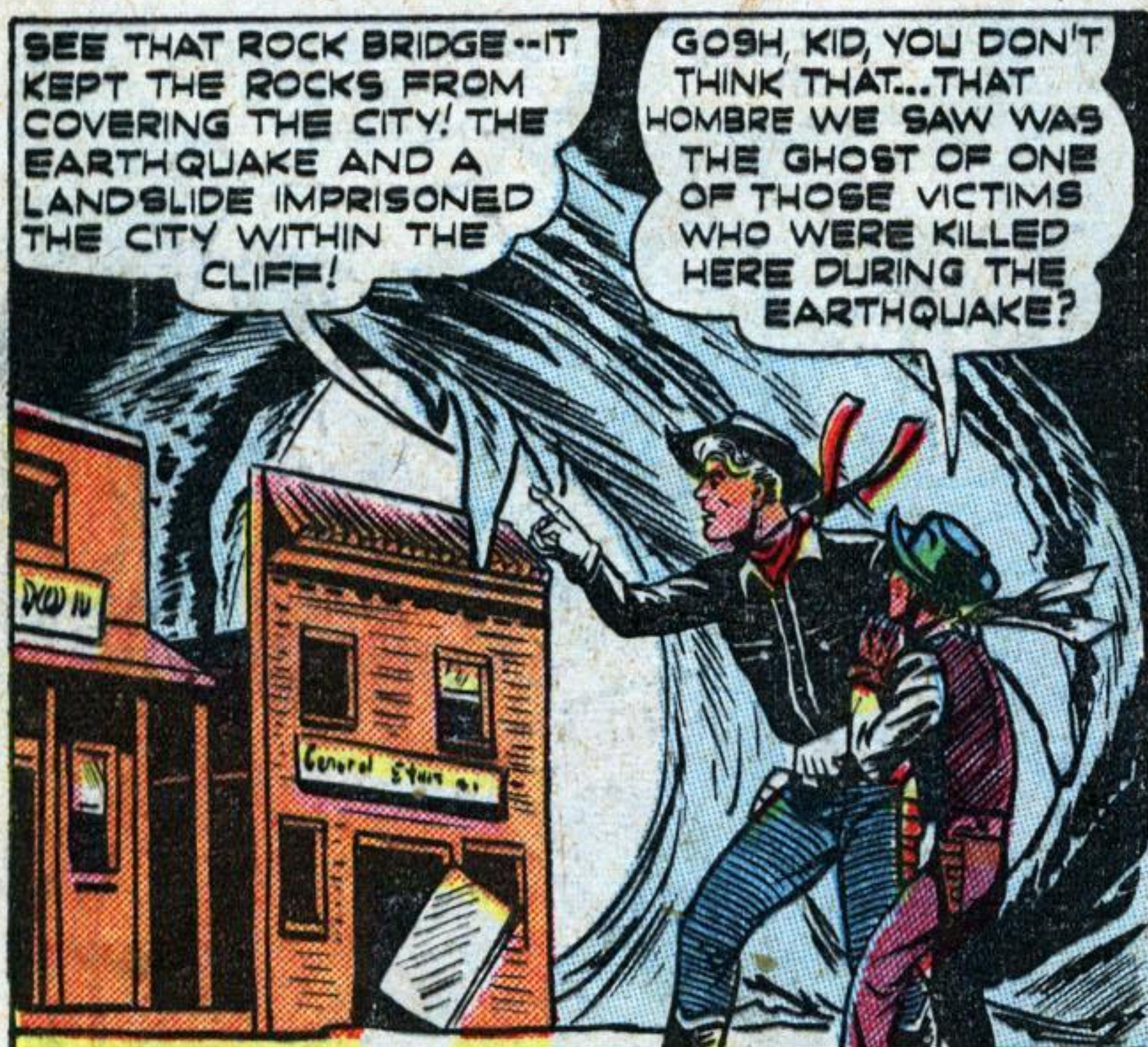
CAUTIOUSLY THE KID AND RUSTY MOVE FORWARD TOWARD THE CALL, EVERY SENSE ALERT, EVERY NERVE SCREAMING A WARNING OF UNKNOWN DANGER!

THE CAVE IS GETTING WIDER!



SEE THAT ROCK BRIDGE--IT KEPT THE ROCKS FROM COVERING THE CITY! THE EARTHQUAKE AND A LANDSLIDE IMPRISONED THE CITY WITHIN THE CLIFF!

GOSH, KID, YOU DON'T THINK THAT...THAT HOMBRE WE SAW WAS THE GHOST OF ONE OF THOSE VICTIMS WHO WERE KILLED HERE DURING THE EARTHQUAKE?



I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! WELL, RUSTY, YOU'VE GOT YOUR WISH--WE'VE FOUND THE MYSTERIOUS HIDDEN CITY!

RIGHT NOW I WISH IT HAD STAYED LOST!



THERE'S THAT CALL AGAIN! IT'S COMING FROM THE VALE! LET'S GO!

HELP!



LARRIBEE! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I... DON'T KNOW!



I WAS IN BACK OF A BOULDER, SHOOTING AT LIZARD AND HIS MEN, WHEN I HEARD A SOUND AND A WEIRD CHUCKLE BEHIND ME! THEN SOMETHING HIT ME OVER THE HEAD AND... I WOKE UP HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO!



THERE'S THAT--THAT LAUGH AGAIN!

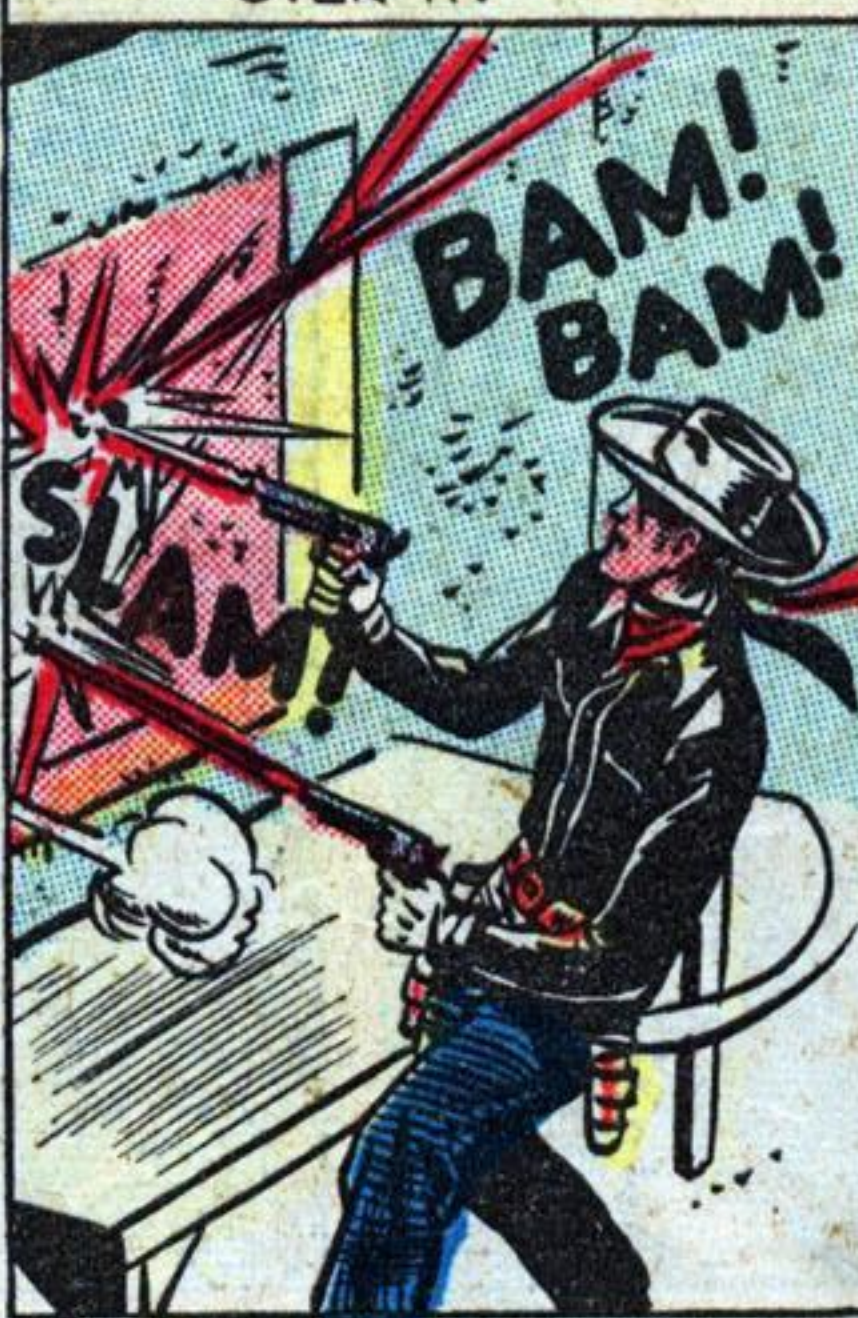
HA! HA!



LARRIBEE, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE ABOUT TO DIE! I, THE GHOST OF HIDDEN CITY, THE GHOST OF VENGEANCE, AM ABOUT TO KILL THE LAST OF THE LARRIBEEES AND REMOVE THE TAINTED, MURDEROUS LARRIBEE BLOOD FROM THE EARTH!



LIKE A TIGER, THE TWO-GUN KID LEAPS TOWARD THE WINDOW AND, AS HE DOES... A COVERING SLAMS SHUT OVER IT!



IT'S ROCK... SOLID!



THE DOOR! SOME-ONE... SOMETHING... SLAMMED IT!

QUICK! WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE... OUT INTO THE OPEN WHERE WE CAN FIGHT AND, IF NEED BE, DIE--LIKE MEN, NOT LIKE TRAPPED ANIMALS!



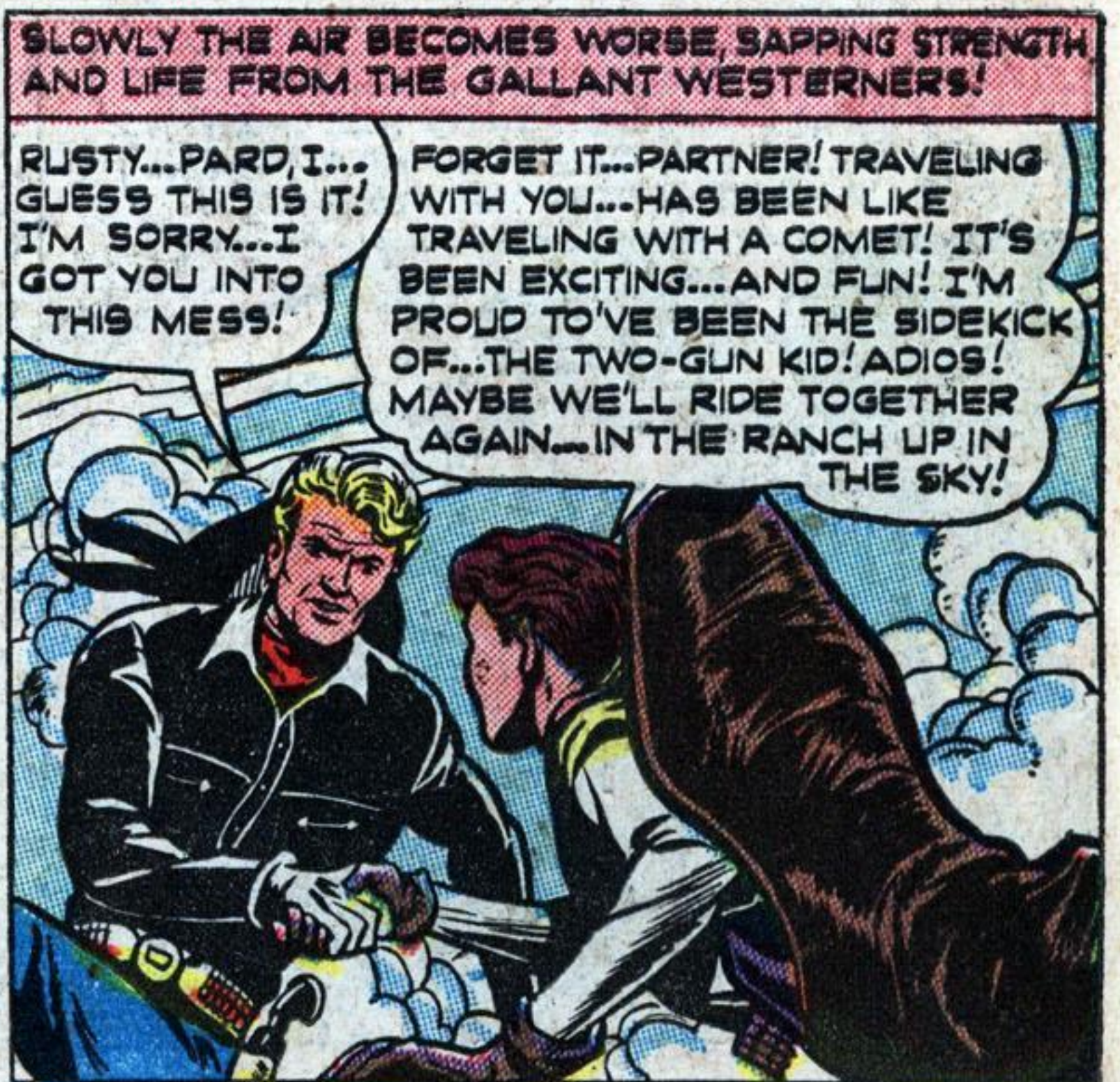
FRANTICALLY THEY SEARCH FOR A WAY OUT OF THE TINY ROOM! LIKE TRAPPED WOLVES THEY TEAR AND TEST WALLS AND CEILING, LOOKING FOR A WEAK SPOT!

THIS PLACE IS BUILT LIKE A FORT!

THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

THE AIR... IT'S GETTING BAD!





IN A LITTLE WHILE I'LL HAVE MORE SKELE-
TONS TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION! HEE! HEE!
MORE DEAD MEN TO TALK TO... WHO
NEVER TALK BACK! HEE! HEE!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE, THE FIRING FROM THEIR HIDDEN
FOES HAVING CEASED, LIZARD AND HIS MEN BEGIN TO
ROUND UP THE WILD BRONCS!

KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED, MEN--
THOSE JASPERS
MIGHT COME
BACK!

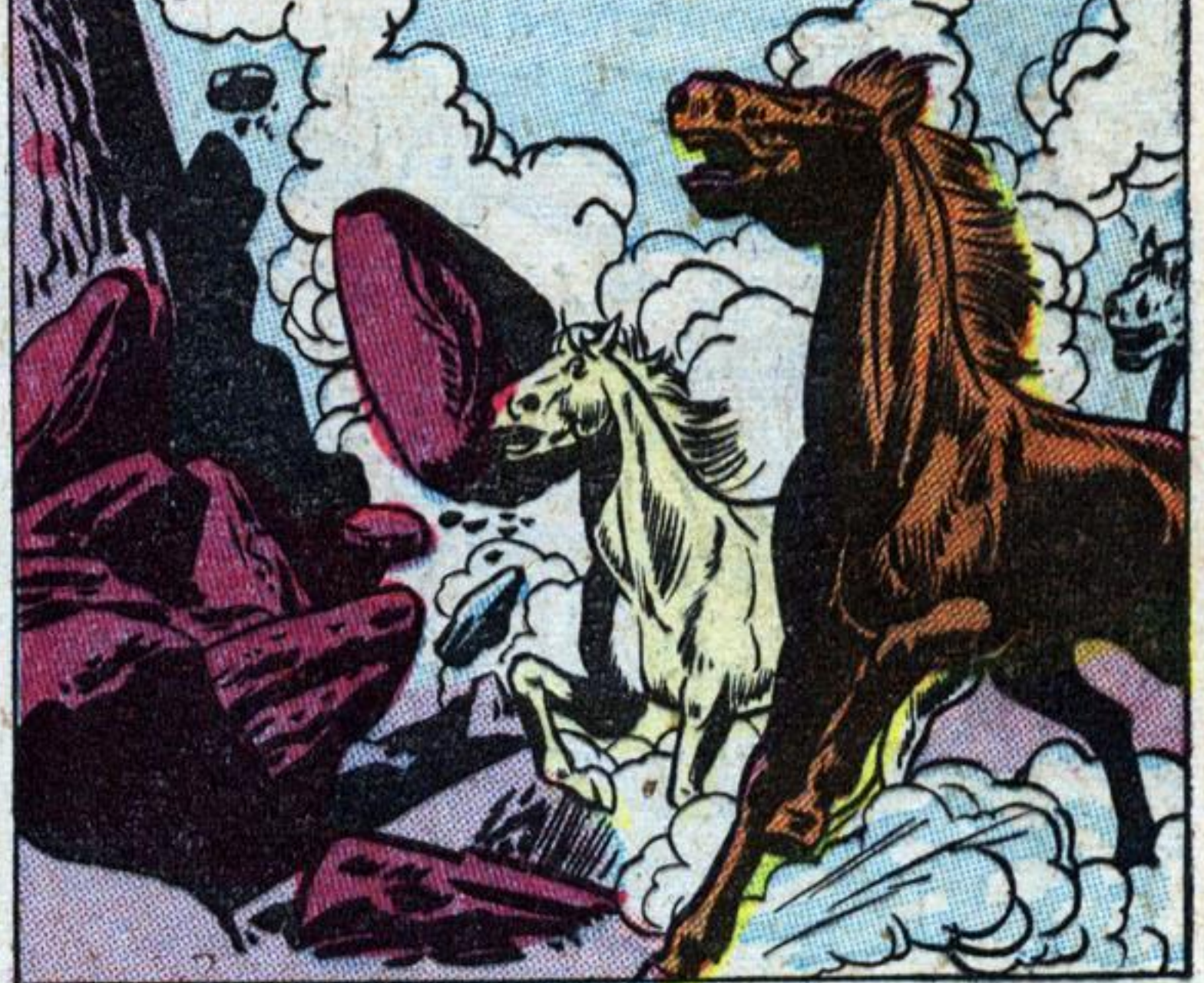
THEESE HORSES ARE GOOD
STOCK! THEY SELL FOR
PLENTY DINERO IN THE
SETTLEMENTS!



WHAT'S THAT?...LANDSLIDE!
TAKE COVER, MEN--IT'S
A LANDSLIDE!



YEEAHAAAAHA!



SCRAMBLING DOWN THE CLIFFSIDE, CHUCKLING
IN MAD, INHUMAN GLEE, THE STRANGE KILLER
PLUNGES INTO THE DUST HAZE RAISED BY THE
FRIGHTENED HORSES!

YEAHAHAHAHA! RUN,
MY WILD BEAUTIES!
RUN...TRAMPLE...KILL!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!



EYES ROLLING WILDLY, CRAZED BEYOND THOUGHT,
THE MADDENED HERD FLEES FROM THE FRIGHT-
ENING FIGURE OF THE HERMIT TOWARD THE CAVE
MOUTH AND...THE HIDDEN CITY!



INSIDE THE MONSTROUS CAVE, THE THREE COWBOYS COME TO, WITH THE SWELLING ROAR OF POUNDING HOOFS ECHOING IN THEIR EARS!

WHA...! RUSTY, LARRIBEE, WAKE UP! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! LISTEN!



THAT NOISE...THE GROUND'S SHAKING! MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE, LIKE THE ONE THAT BURIED THE HIDDEN CITY!

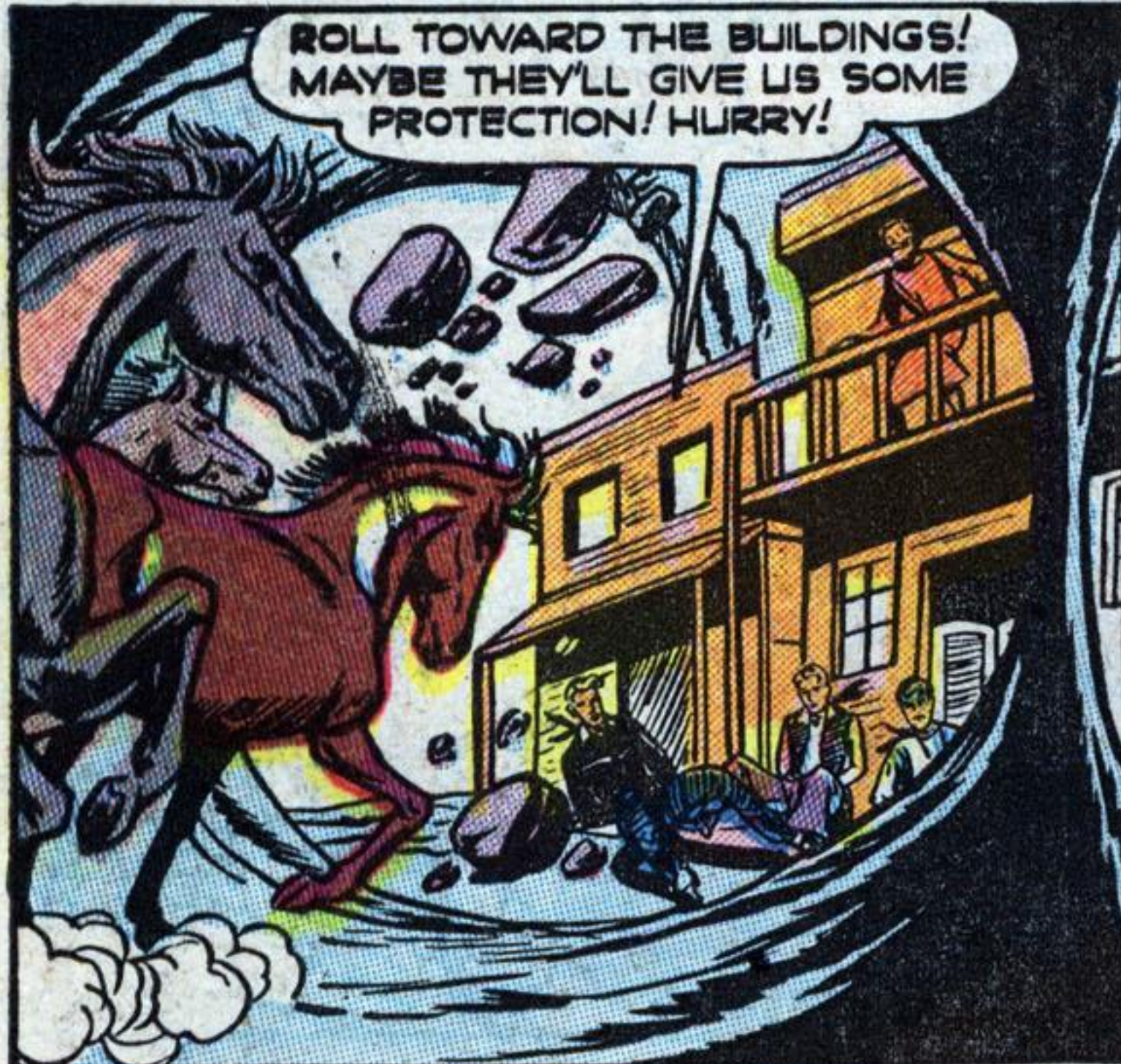
THE WHOLE CITY IS TREMBLING! LOOK, SOME OF THE ROCK IS BEGINNING TO SLIDE!



HEE! HEE! NO, IT'S NO EARTHQUAKE...IT'S WILD, TRAMPLING HORSES WITH HOOFS LIKE KNIVES TO STAMP AND CUT AND KILL YOU... CHOP YOU TO BITS AND TRAMPLE THE PIECES INTO THE STREETS OF MY CITY! YEEAHAAH!



ROLL TOWARD THE BUILDINGS! MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE US SOME PROTECTION! HURRY!

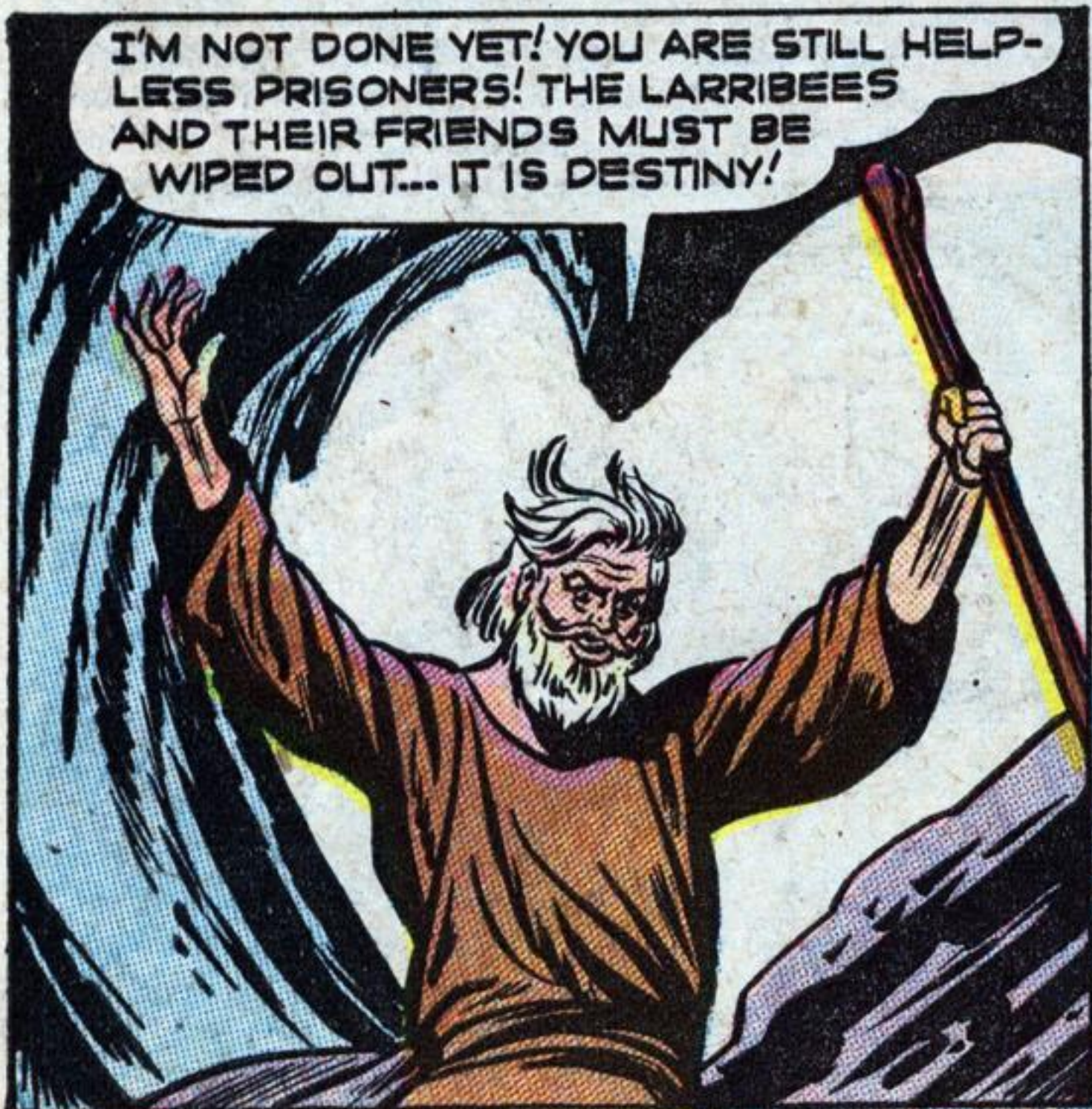


THE THUNDERING HOOFS SET UP SUCH A VIBRATION WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE CAVE THAT THE ROCKS AND DEBRIS BEGIN TO CRUMPLE AND FALL!

THE BRONCS HAVE SWERVED INTO A SIDE STREET! THE FALLEN ROCK BLOCKED THEM!



I'M NOT DONE YET! YOU ARE STILL HELPLESS PRISONERS! THE LARRIBEEES AND THEIR FRIENDS MUST BE WIPED OUT... IT IS DESTINY!



I--I CAN'T BUDGE THESE ROPES! THAT MADMAN MADE A GOOD JOB OF IT!

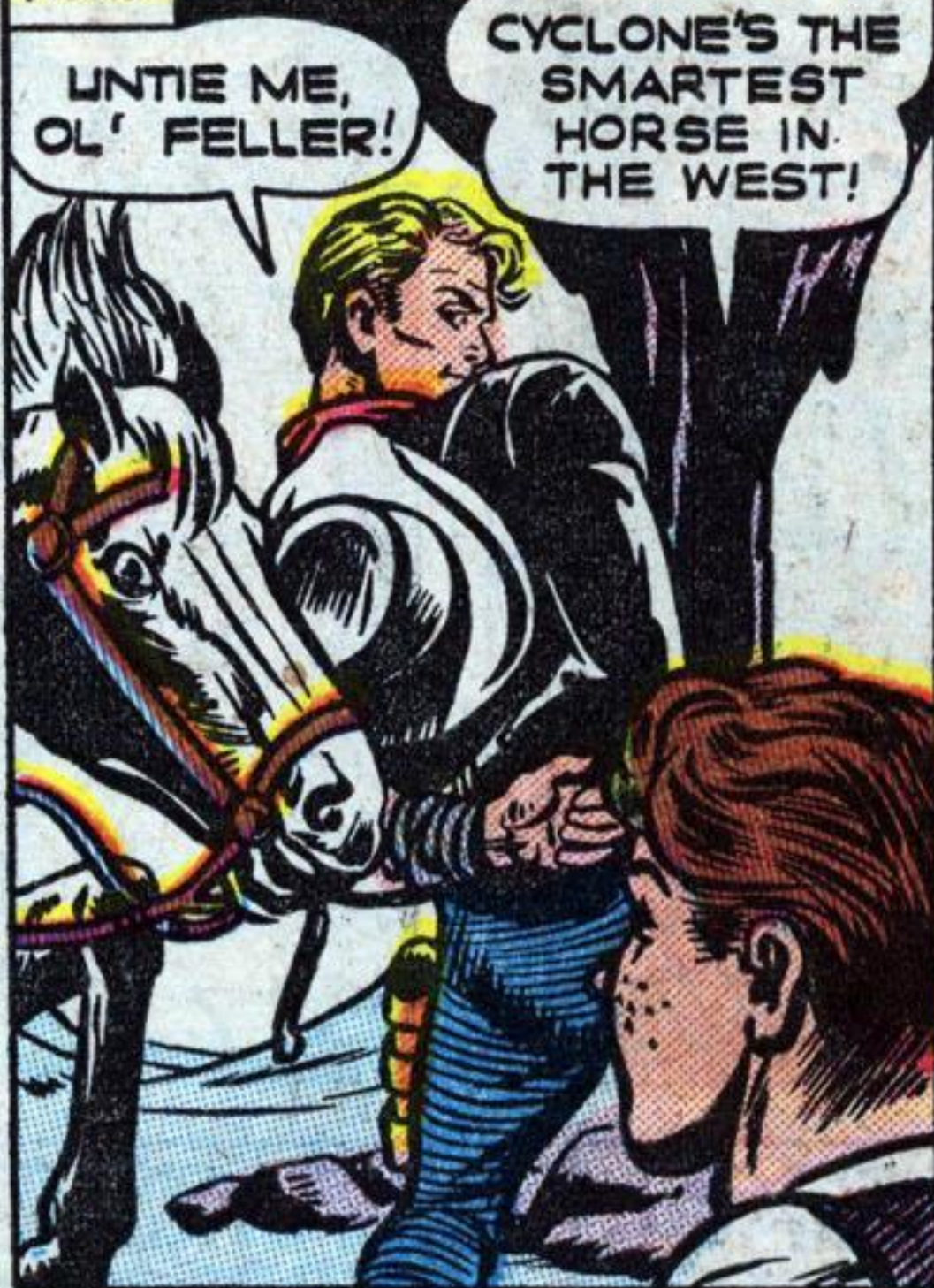
KID-- LOOK!





CYCLONE!

THE GREAT BLACK STALLION RUSHES TO HIS MASTER'S SIDE, EAGER AND WAITING TO SERVE HIM!



UNTIE ME, OL' FELLER!

CYCLONE'S THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE WEST!



TRUE TO RUSTY'S BOAST, IN A FEW MINUTES CYCLONE HAS FREED HIS MASTER!

GOOD BOY, CYCLONE! YOU NEVER FAIL ME! I'LL HAVE YOU FELLERS FREE IN A JIFFY!



I'LL CLOSE THE GATE...KEEP YOU PRISONERS! YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE YOUR DOOM!

RUSTY, QUICK, GET OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS... THEY MUST BE WHERE WE DROPPED THEM IN JAIL!

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A NIGHTMARE--AND ALL BECAUSE OF A GIRL! GIRLS, PHOOEY!



CYCLONE SENSES THE DANGER TO HIS MASTER, AND WHEELS TOWARD THE MADDENED HERMIT WITH CHALLENGING NEIGH!

NEIGH!



ARRRGHH!



HE'S STILL BREATHING!

HERE'S OUR SIX-GUNS!

LOOK OUT! LIZARD GALT AN' HIS GUN-CREW ARE COMIN' IN AFTER THE BRONCS!



DOWN, CYCLONE...
LIE DOWN!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF
THIS HIDDEN CITY!



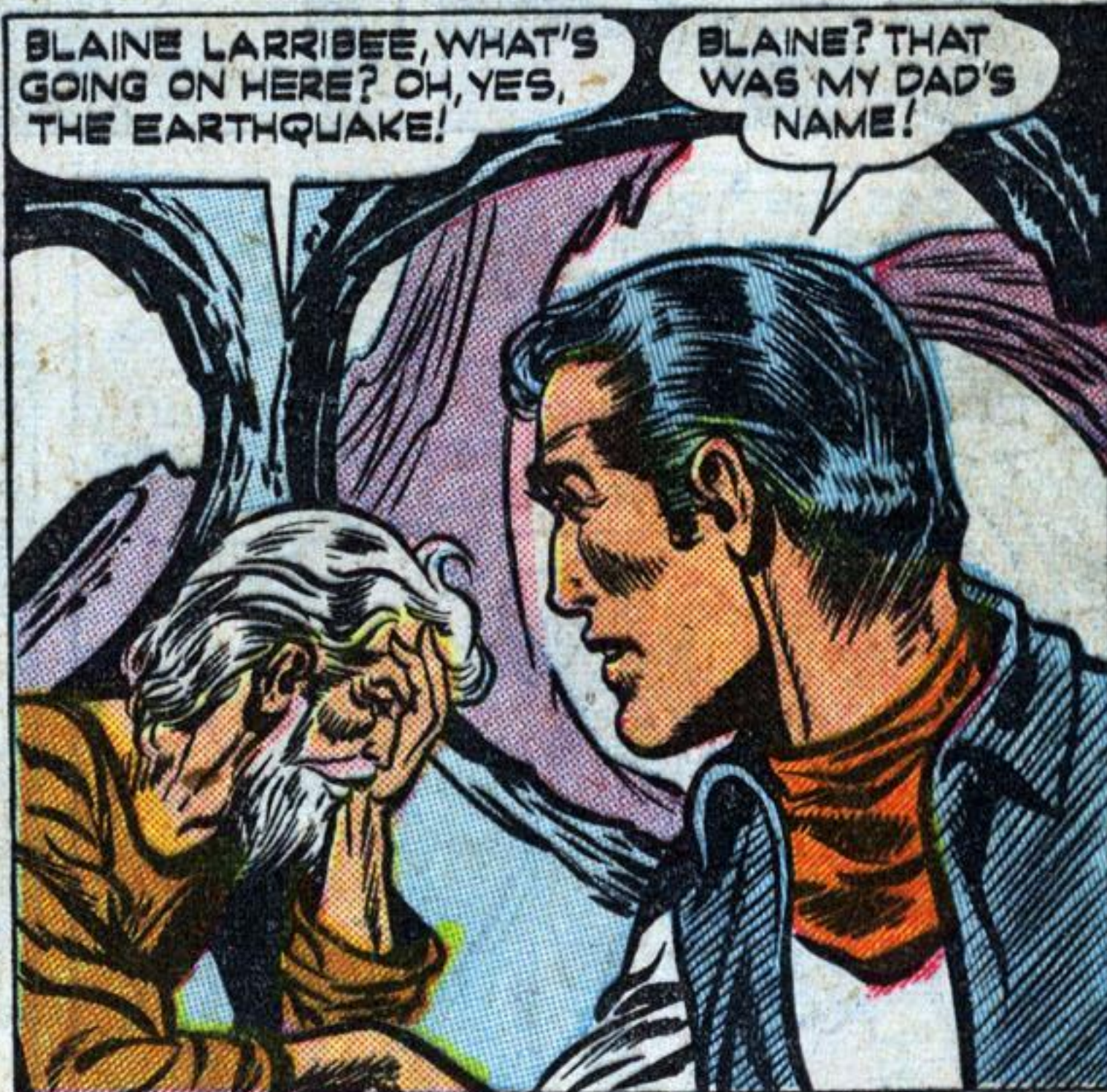
KNOCK OVER THOSE
HOMBRES AN' LET'S
GET THE BRONCS AN'
HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF
HERE!

MADRE DE DIOS!
THEES PLACE EES
LIKE TOMB!



WE COULD MAKE A RUN
FOR IT, BUT CHET IS IN
NO SHAPE FOR A CLOSE-
QUARTER BATTLE AN'
WE CAN'T LEAVE
HIM!

THOSE BRONCS
ARE LIABLE TO
CIRCLE BACK THIS
WAY AN' STAMPEDE
OVER US!



BLAINE LARRIBEE, WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE? OH, YES,
THE EARTHQUAKE!

BLAINE? THAT
WAS MY DAD'S
NAME!



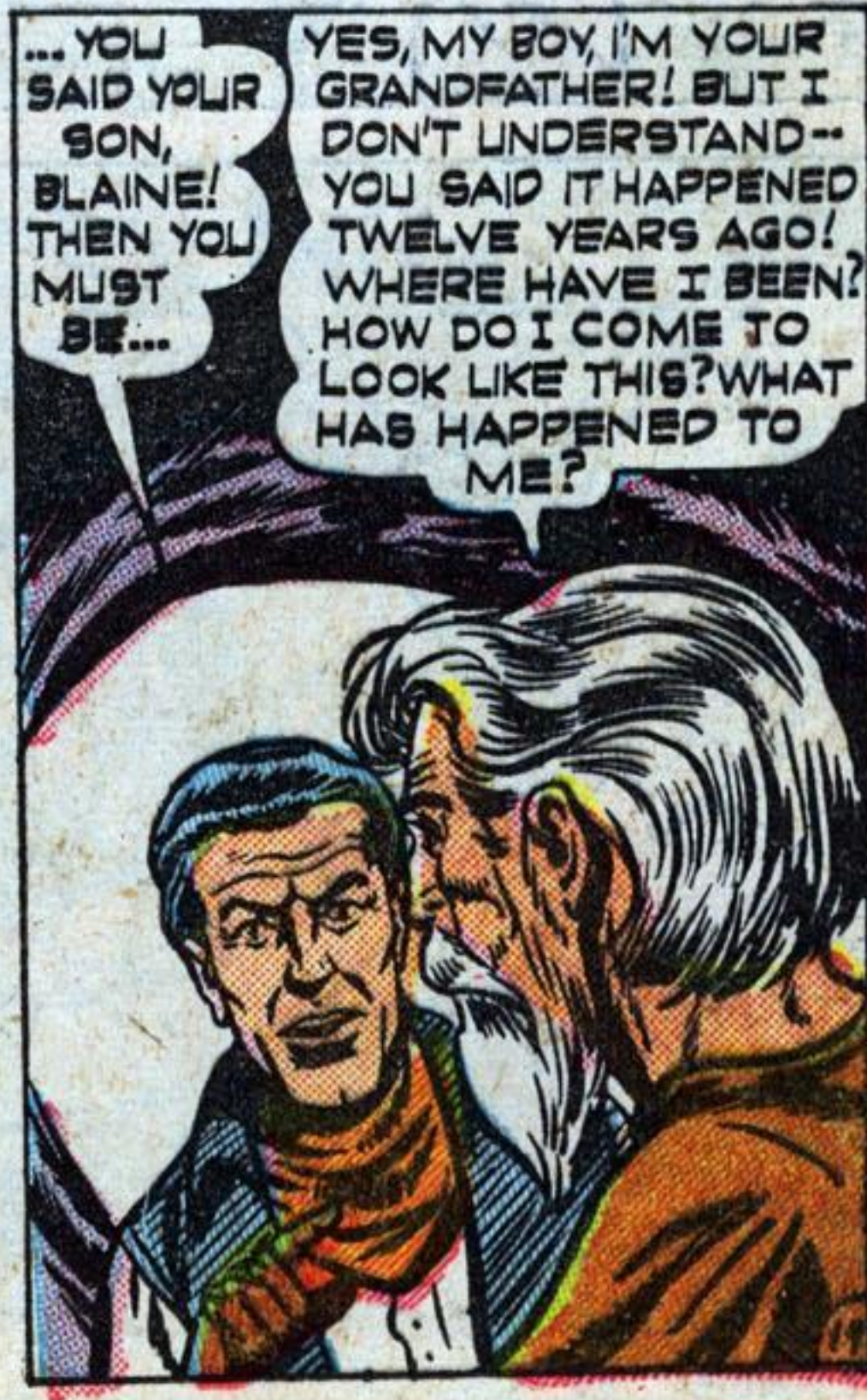
I'M NOT BLAINE...
I'M CHET
LARRIBEE!

CHET! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU'RE ONLY
TEN YEARS
OLD! WHERE'S
BLAINE?



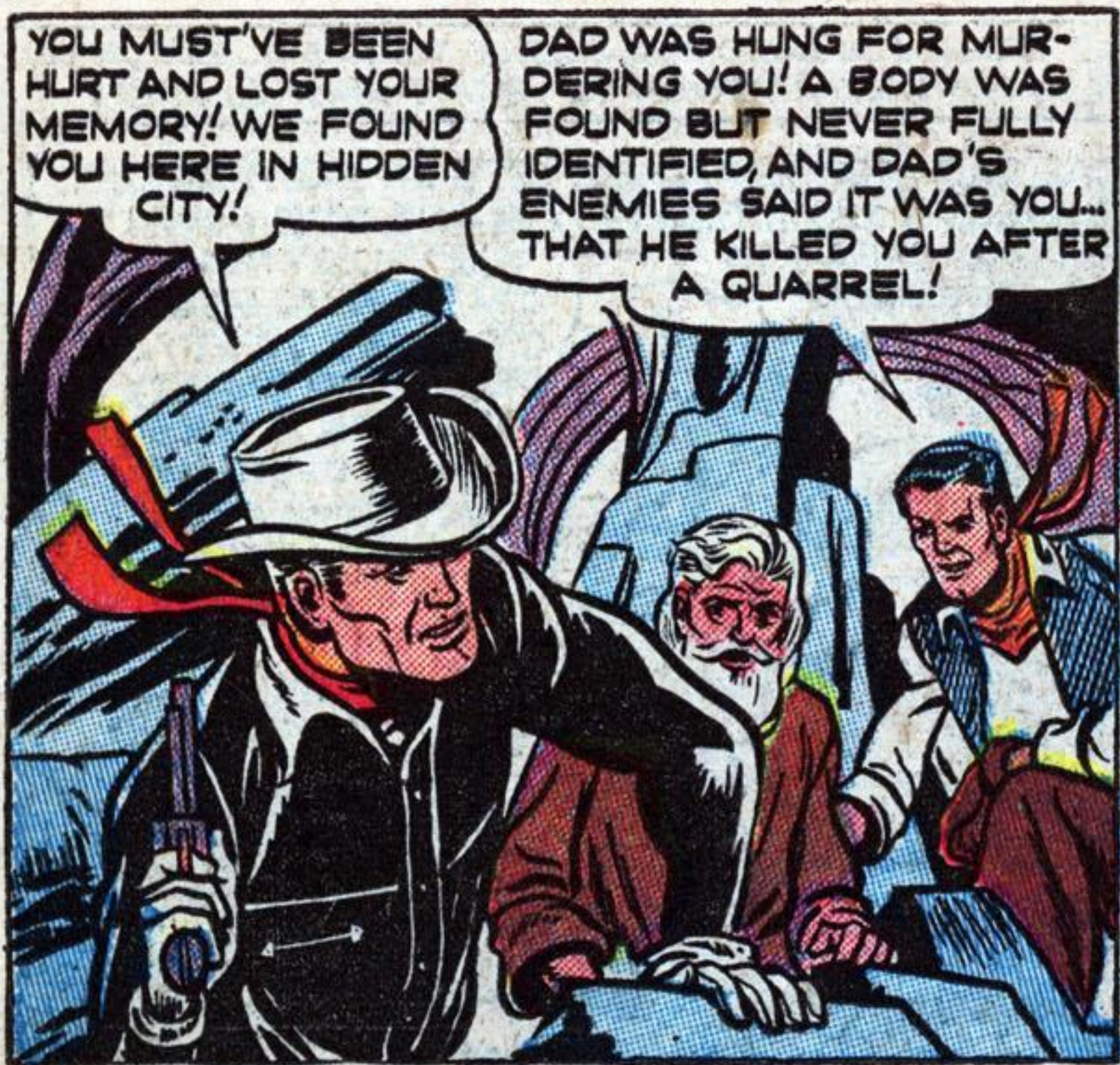
BLAINE IS
DEAD...HANGED
AS A MUR-
DERER TWELVE
YEARS AGO!

BLAINE,
MY SON,
HUNG FOR
MURDER? NO, NO, IT
CAN'T BE!



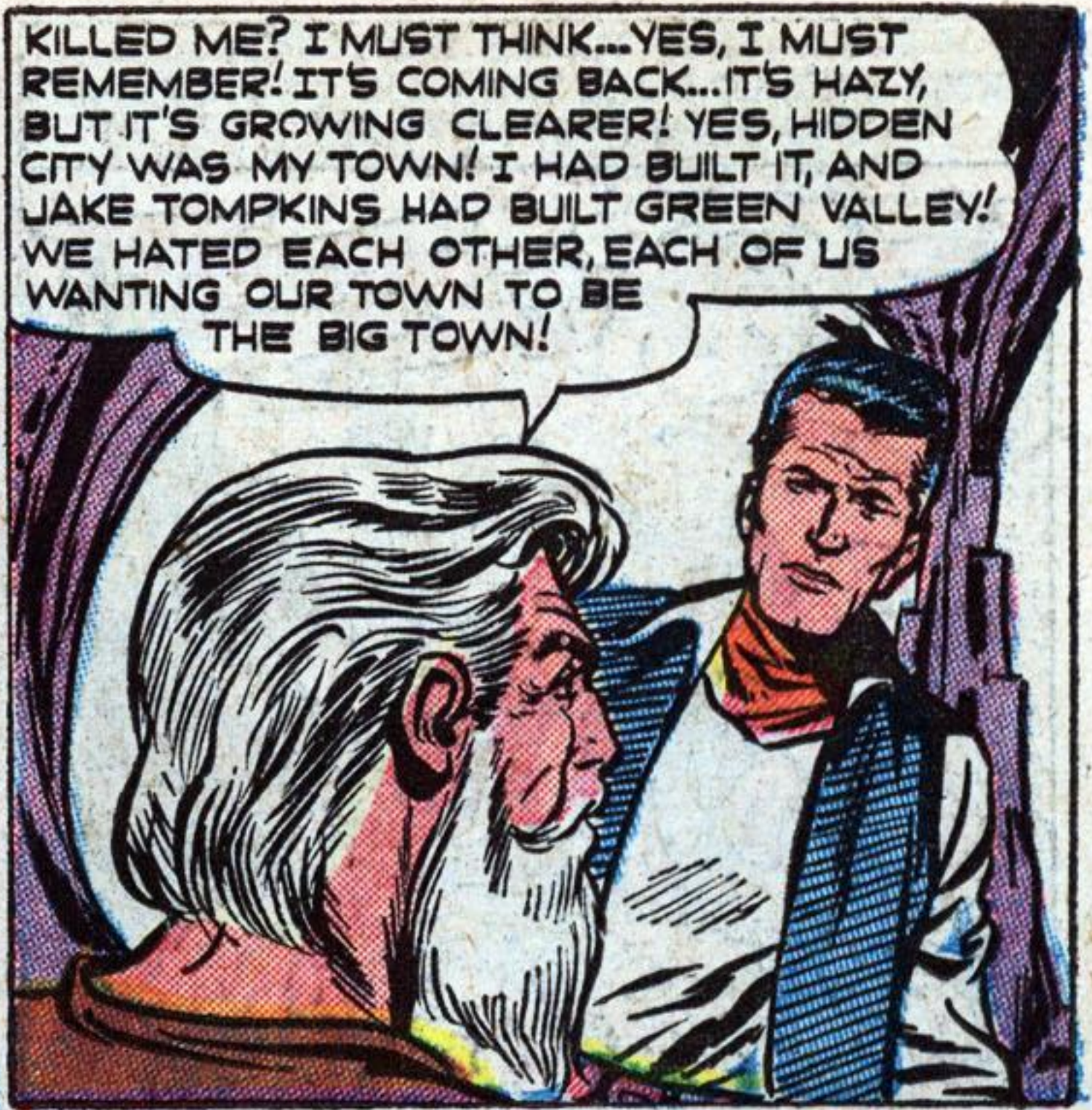
... YOU
SAID YOUR
SON,
BLAINE!
THEN YOU
MUST
BE...

YES, MY BOY, I'M YOUR
GRANDFATHER! BUT I
DON'T UNDERSTAND--
YOU SAID IT HAPPENED
TWELVE YEARS AGO!
WHERE HAVE I BEEN?
HOW DO I COME TO
LOOK LIKE THIS? WHAT
HAS HAPPENED TO
ME?



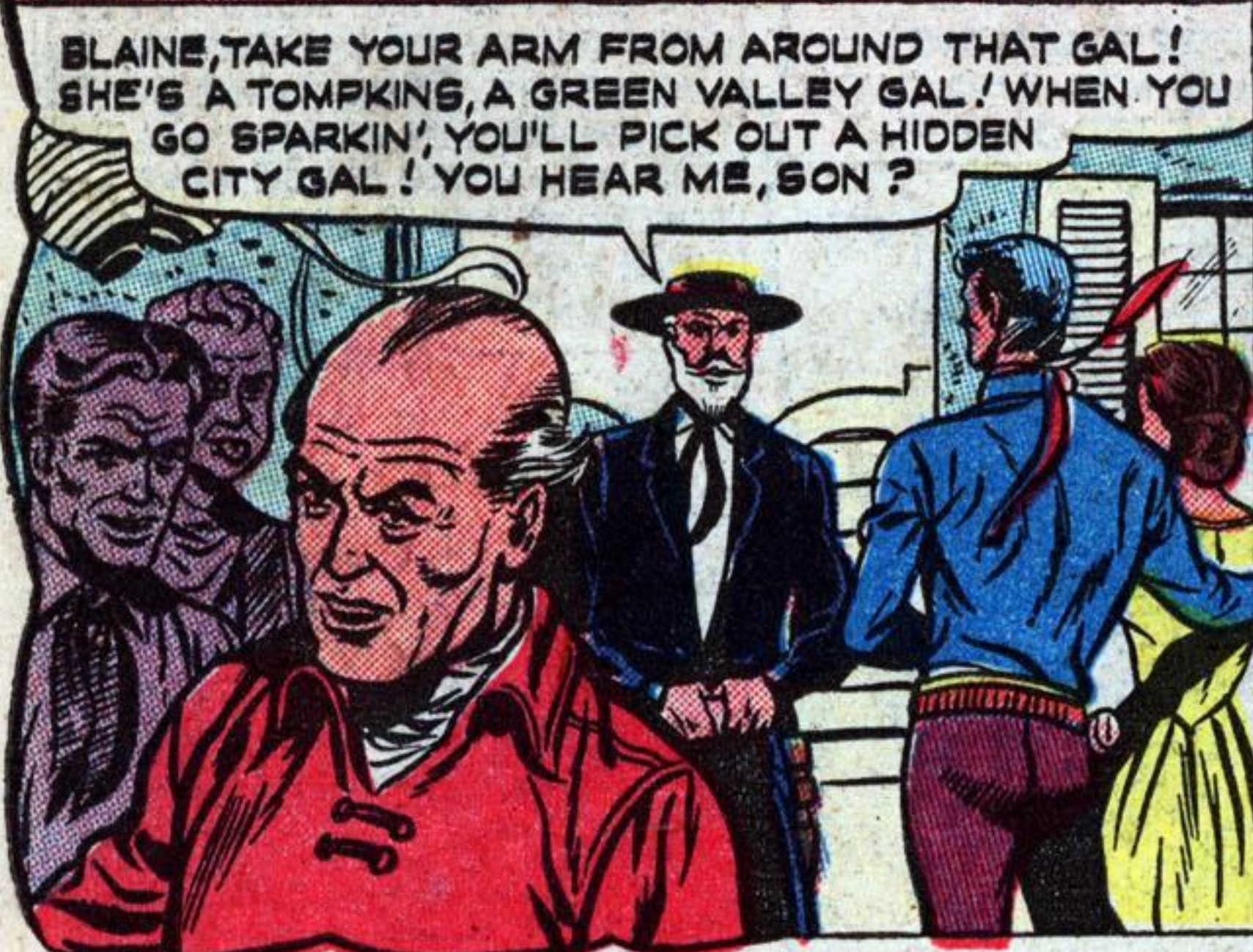
YOU MUST'VE BEEN HURT AND LOST YOUR MEMORY! WE FOUND YOU HERE IN HIDDEN CITY!

DAD WAS HUNG FOR MURDERING YOU! A BODY WAS FOUND BUT NEVER FULLY IDENTIFIED, AND DAD'S ENEMIES SAID IT WAS YOU... THAT HE KILLED YOU AFTER A QUARREL!

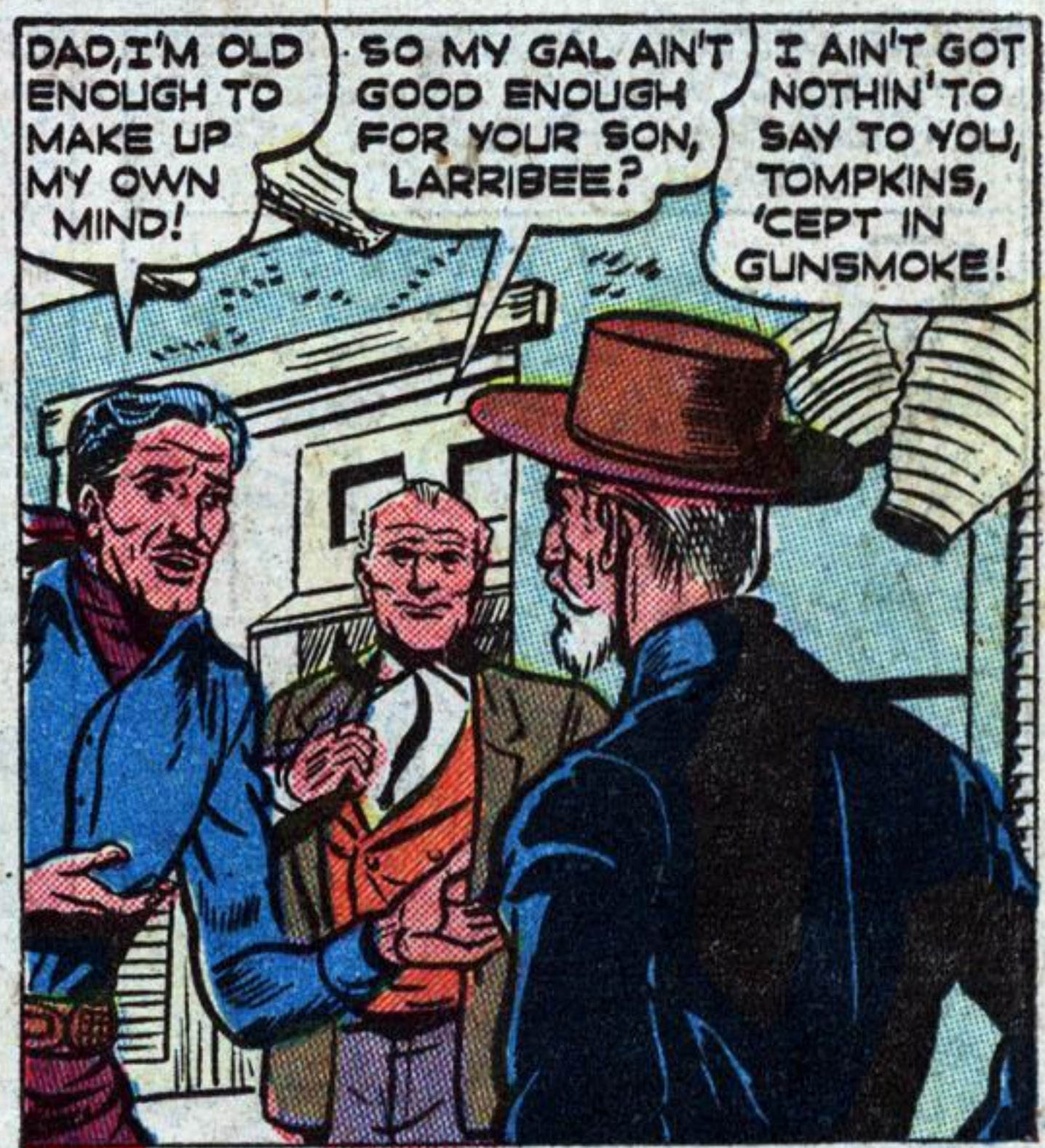


KILLED ME? I MUST THINK...YES, I MUST REMEMBER! IT'S COMING BACK...IT'S HAZY, BUT IT'S GROWING CLEARER! YES, HIDDEN CITY WAS MY TOWN! I HAD BUILT IT, AND JAKE TOMPKINS HAD BUILT GREEN VALLEY! WE HATED EACH OTHER, EACH OF US WANTING OUR TOWN TO BE THE BIG TOWN!

BLAINE, YOUR FATHER, WAS STUCK ON JAKE'S DAUGHTER! I HATED JAKE AND WAS AGAINST IT! I FOLLOWED BLAINE TO GREEN VALLEY, TO THE DANCE THERE, AND FOUND HIM DANCING WITH THAT GAL!



BLAINE, TAKE YOUR ARM FROM AROUND THAT GAL! SHE'S A TOMPKINS, A GREEN VALLEY GAL! WHEN YOU GO SPARKIN', YOU'LL PICK OUT A HIDDEN CITY GAL! YOU HEAR ME, SON?



DAD, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO MAKE UP MY OWN MIND!

SO MY GAL AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR SON, LARRIBEE?

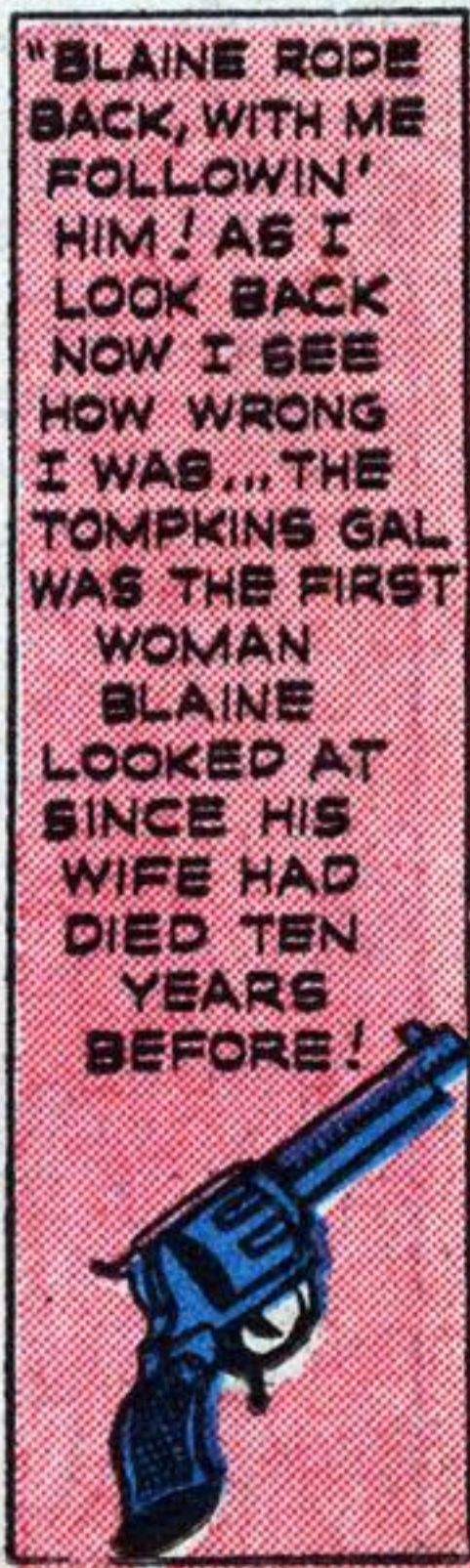
I AIN'T GOT NOthin' TO SAY TO YOU, TOMPKINS, 'CEPT IN GUNSMOKE!



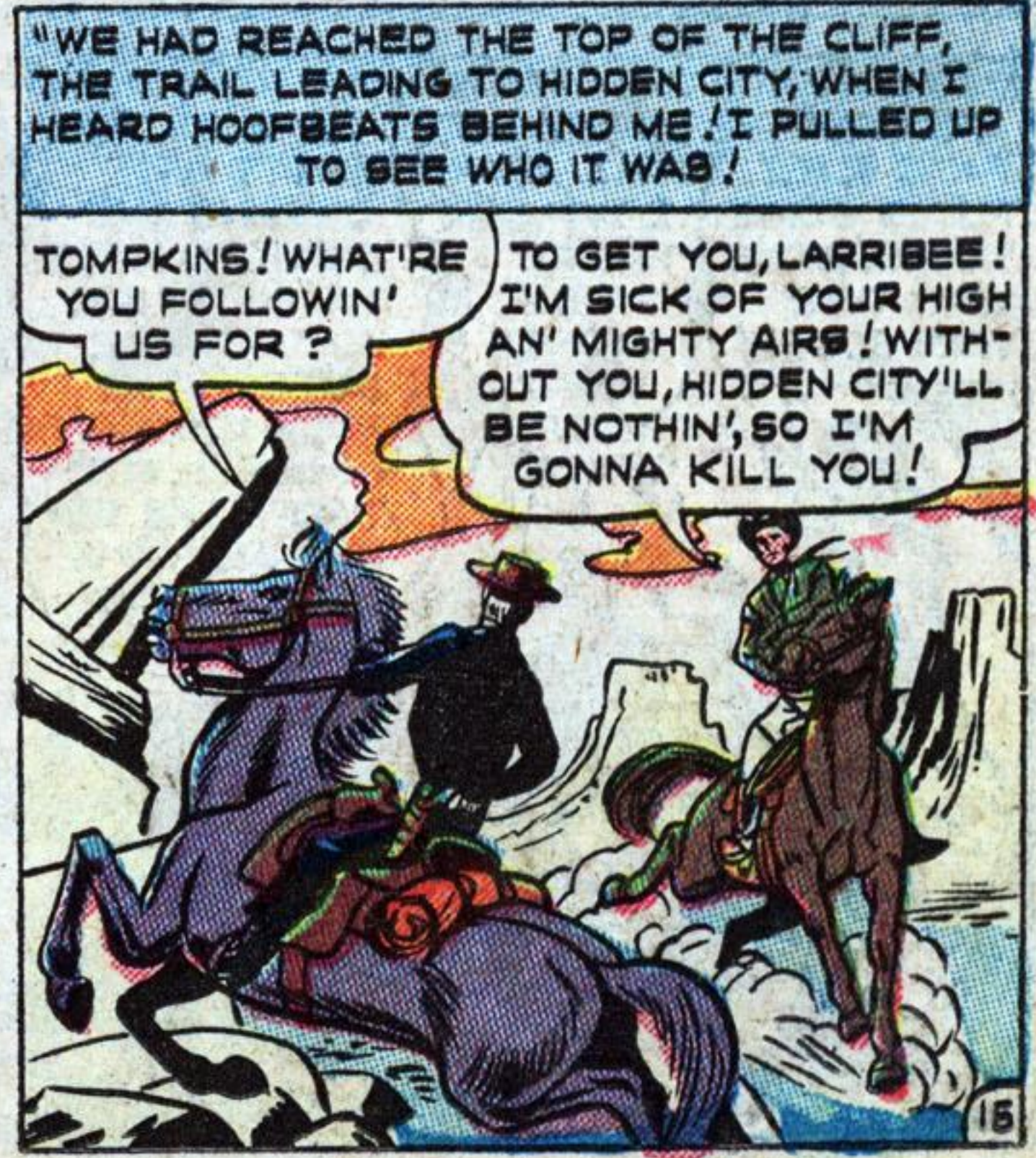
YOU'RE COMIN' BACK TO HIDDEN CITY WITH ME, WHERE YOU BELONG!

SALLY, I'D BEST GO BACK TO HIDDEN CITY, OR THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE!

STEVE CARSON WILL TAKE ME HOME! YOU'D BETTER GO, BLAINE!



"BLAINE RODE BACK, WITH ME FOLLOWIN' HIM! AS I LOOK BACK NOW I SEE HOW WRONG I WAS...THE TOMPKINS GAL WAS THE FIRST WOMAN BLAINE LOOKED AT SINCE HIS WIFE HAD DIED TEN YEARS BEFORE!"

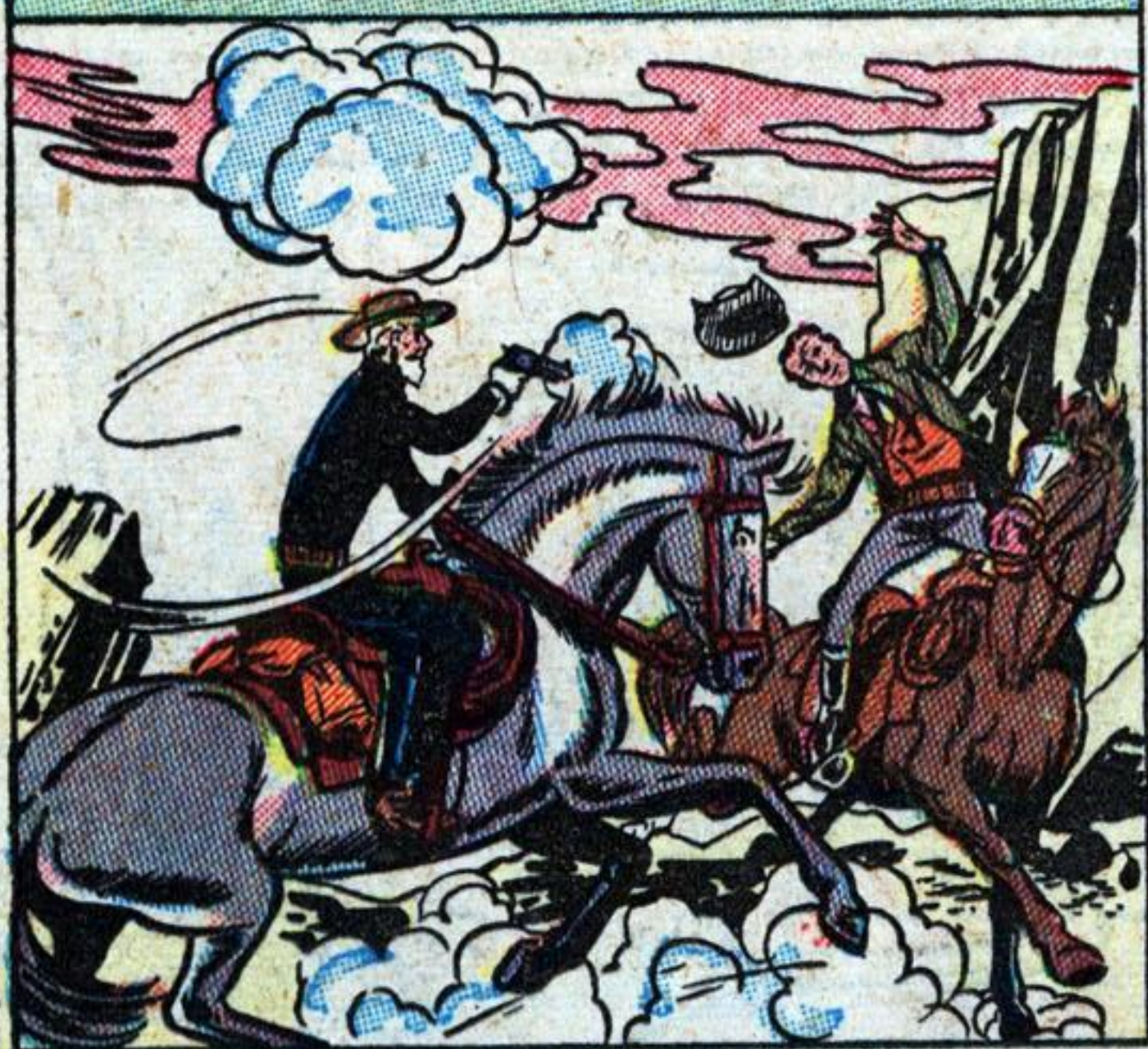


"WE HAD REACHED THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, THE TRAIL LEADING TO HIDDEN CITY, WHEN I HEARD HOOFBEATS BEHIND ME! I PULLED UP TO SEE WHO IT WAS!"

TOMPKINS! WHAT'RE YOU FOLLOWIN' US FOR?

TO GET YOU, LARRIBEE! I'M SICK OF YOUR HIGH AN' MIGHTY AIRS! WITHOUT YOU, HIDDEN CITY'LL BE NOthin', SO I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

I THREW MYSELF TO THE SIDE, DREW AND FIRED! I COULD FEEL THE WIND OF TOMPKINS' LEAD BURN PAST MY FACE!



AS THOUGH IN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE BLAST OF MY GUN, THE EARTH BEGAN TO HEAVE AND RUMBLE!

DAD, DAD, WHAT HAPPENED? I HEARD A SHOT... THEN THE GROUND BEGAN TO TREMBLE!

IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE! BLAINE, RIDE DOWN TO THE VALLEY FOR HELP! I'M RIDIN' TO HIDDEN CITY-- HAVE TO GET MY PEOPLE TO SAFETY UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER!



BLAINE WENT DOWN THE TRAIL! I RODE TO HIDDEN CITY AND, AS I ENTERED THE PANICKED TOWN, THE EARTHQUAKE REALLY TURNED LOOSE!

GET OUT! GET DOWN THE TRAIL!



SUDDENLY A HUGE OVERHANGING ROCK PLUNGED DOWN! I TRIED TO GET OUT OF THE WAY BUT I COULDN'T! I SAW A BOULDER SMASHING TOWARD ME... AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER...



DAD WASN'T A MURDERER! THE BODY THEY FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF WAS TOMPKINS! THE MAN YOU MENTIONED, WHO WAS ALSO IN LOVE WITH TOMPKINS' DAUGHTER, WAS STEVE CARSON! HE'S THE BANKER IN GREEN VALLEY, AND HIS WIFE'S NAME WAS TOMPKINS... AND I'M IN LOVE WITH THEIR DAUGHTER!



GOLLY, WHAT A STORY! FATE SURE PULLS SOME TRICKS! WOW, THAT ONE WAS CLOSE!

THE ROCK IS STARTING TO FALL AGAIN! I WONDER WHERE THOSE BRONCS WENT TO!

THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE SHOTS ARE CAUSING THE ROCK TO MOVE! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE ROCK COVERS THE WHOLE PLACE! THAT'S THE BEGINNING OF A SLIDE!



THOSE HORSES... I SEE THEM AT THE OTHER END OF THE CITY! IF I CAN STAMPEDE THEM TOWARD THE OPENING, YOU MAY HAVE A CHANCE TO GET OUT IN THE EXCITEMENT!

WAIT! YOU... CAN'T...

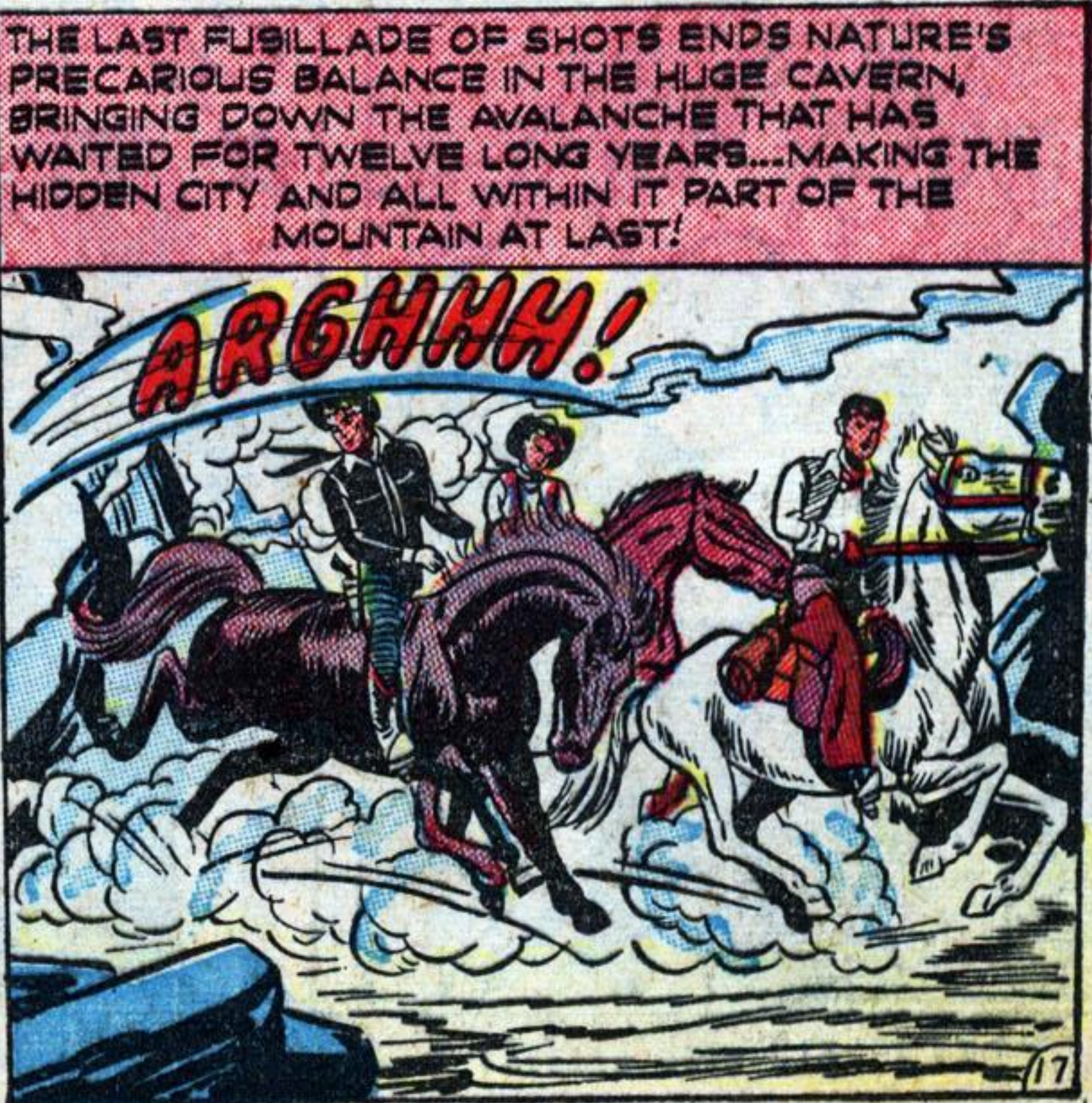
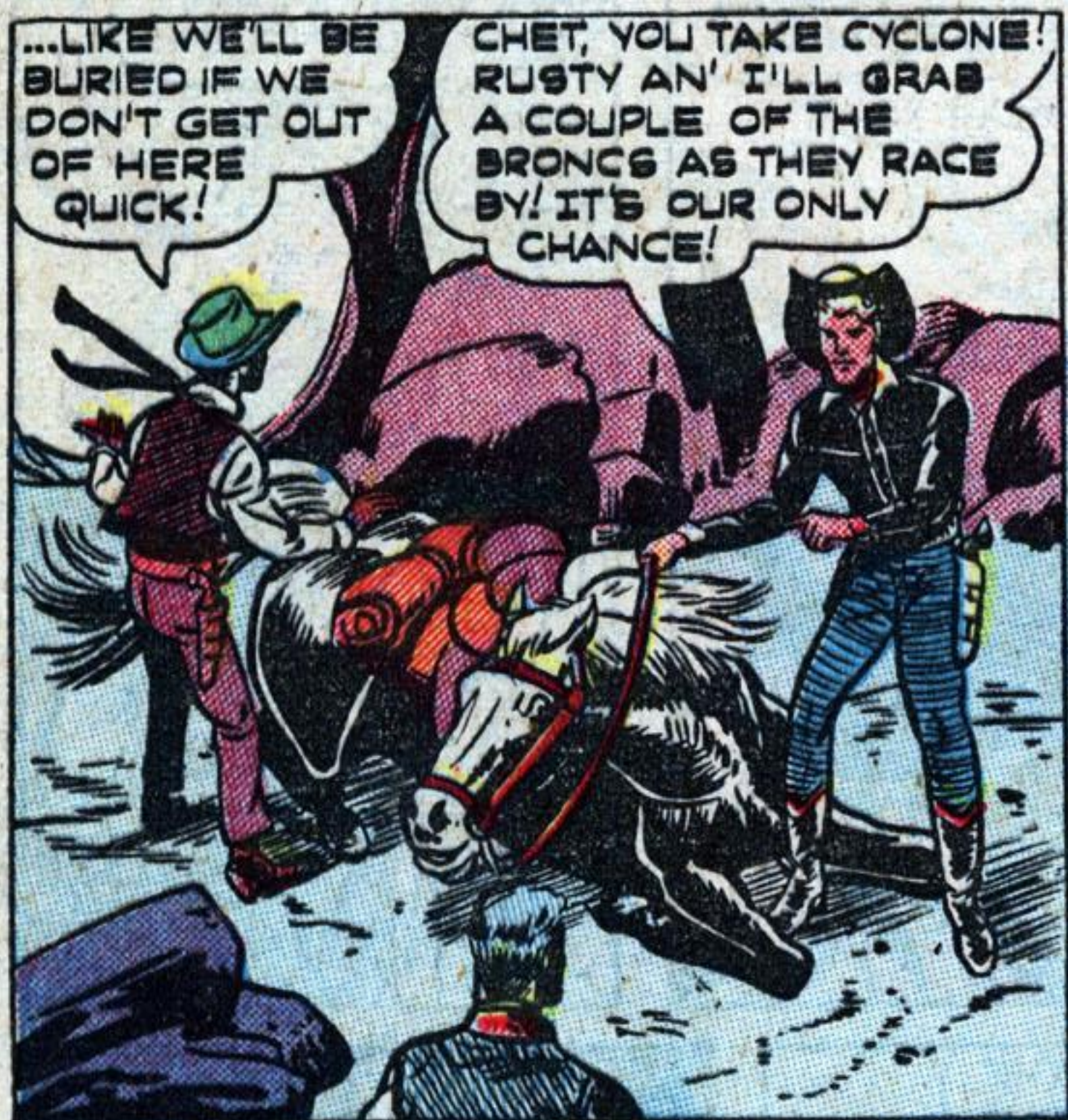
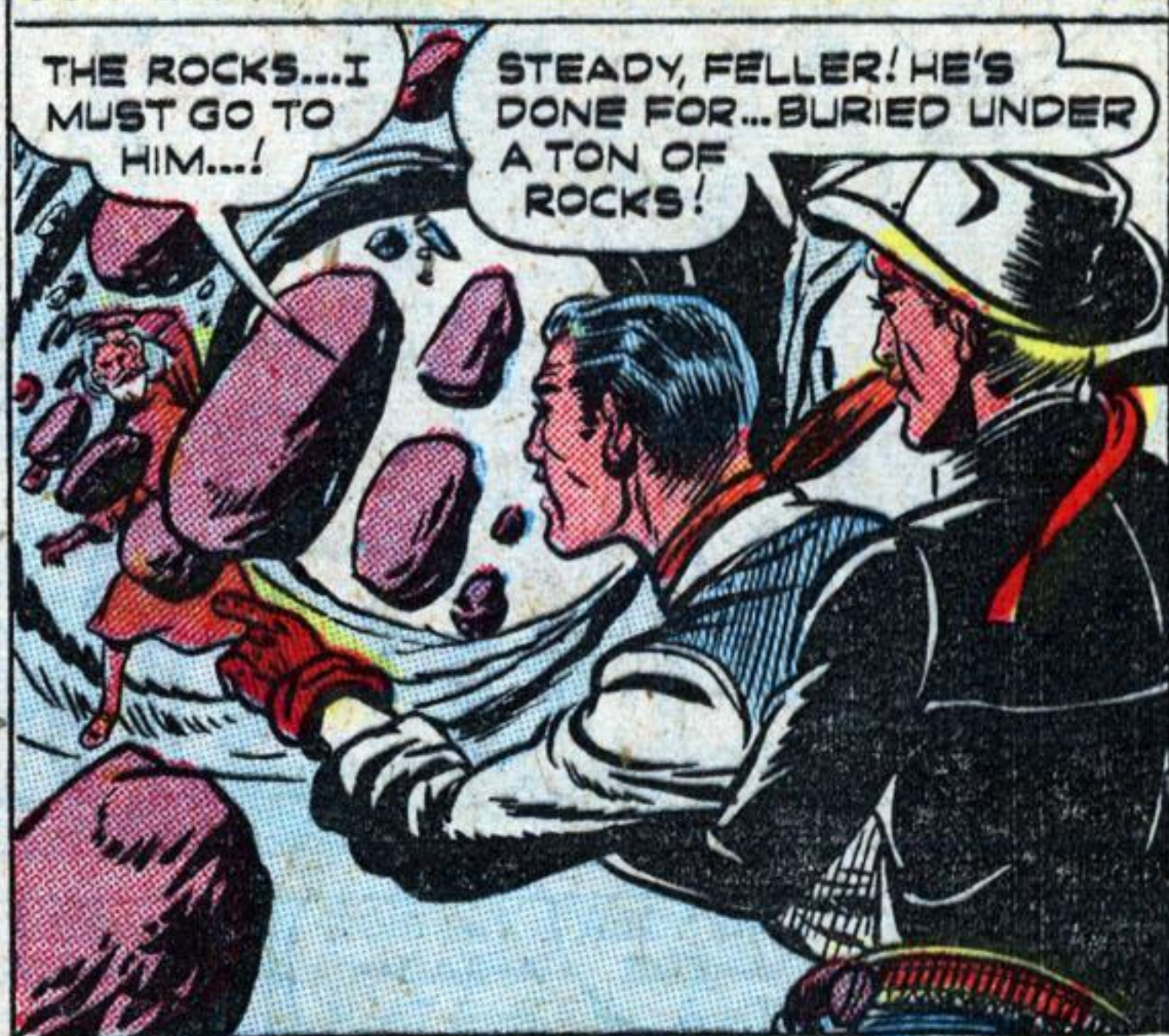
GET DOWN, LARRIBEE... THOSE SKUNKS OF LIZARD'S ARE SHOOTIN' CLOSE!

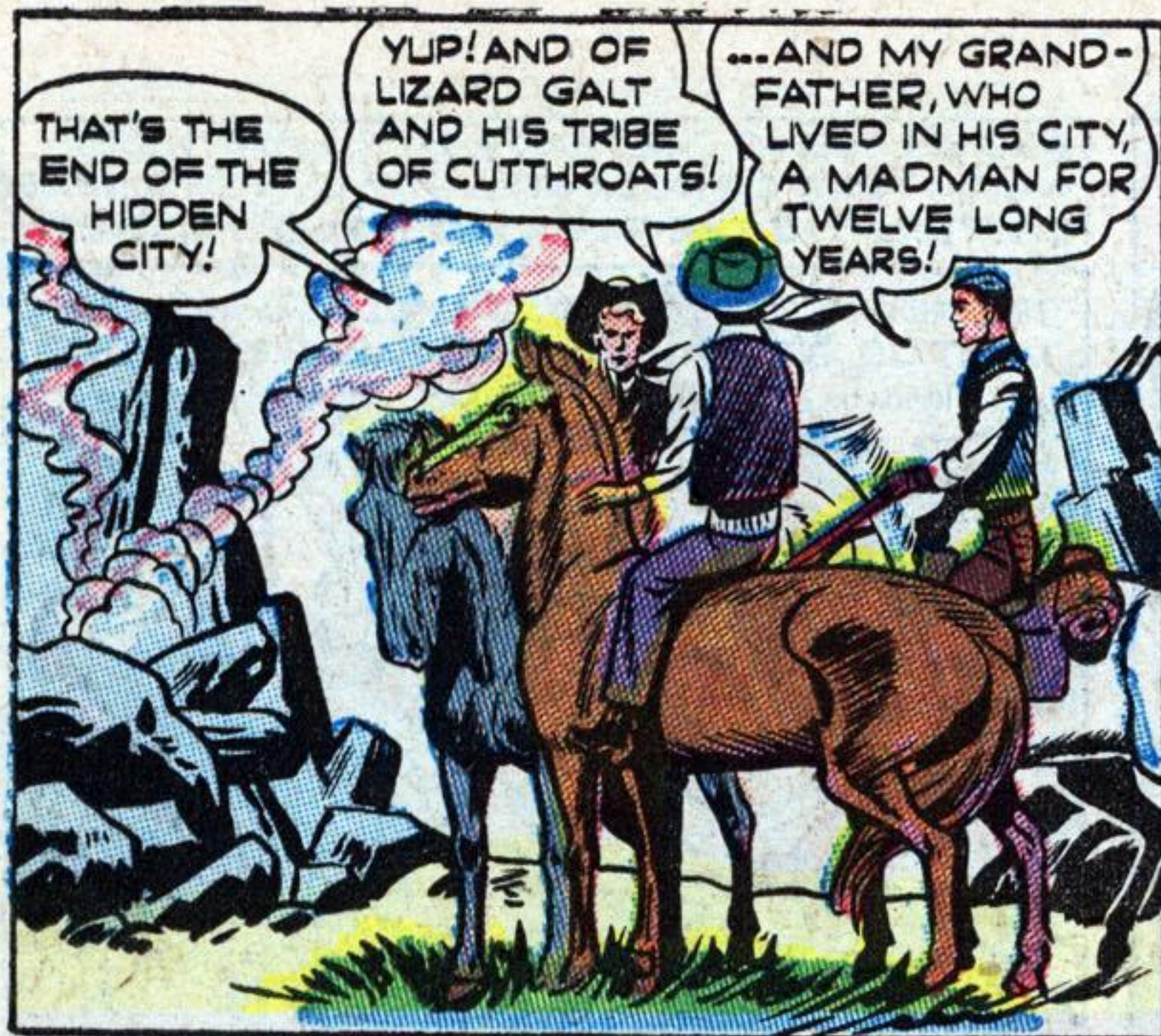


AMIDST THE ROCK FALL, GETTING HEAVIER EVERY MINUTE NOW, THE HERMIT WORMS HIS WAY TO A POSITION BEHIND THE WILD HERD!



AND AS YOUNG CHET AND HIS TWO PARTNERS WATCH, TONS OF ROCK ROLL DOWN WITH A ROAR, OBLITERATING THE FANTASTIC FIGURE FOREVER!





THAT'S THE
END OF THE
HIDDEN
CITY!

YUP! AND OF
LIZARD GALT
AND HIS TRIBE
OF CUTTHROATS!

...AND MY GRAND-
FATHER, WHO
LIVED IN HIS CITY,
A MADMAN FOR
TWELVE LONG
YEARS!



HE DIED WITH THE TOWN HE BUILT AND
LOVED! BEFORE HE WENT HE CLEARED
YOUR NAME... RUSTY 'N I ARE WITNESSES
TO THAT! I THINK IF HE'D HAD A CHOICE, THIS
IS THE WAY HE'D HAVE WANTED IT! NOW
YOU CAN GO BACK TO THAT LITTLE GAL IN
GREEN VALLEY WITH PRIDE IN THE NAME
YOU BEAR!



IT'S A GOOD THING YOUR
HORSES WERE WHERE
WE LEFT THEM! THIS
HERD SHOULD NET
YOU A NICE PROFIT!
YOU AN' THAT GAL
CAN START OFF
IN STYLE!

I'LL RIDE
AHEAD--
THIS TALK
OF GIRLS
MAKES ME
SICK! THAT
ONE ALMOST
GOT US KILLED!
GIRLS, BAH!



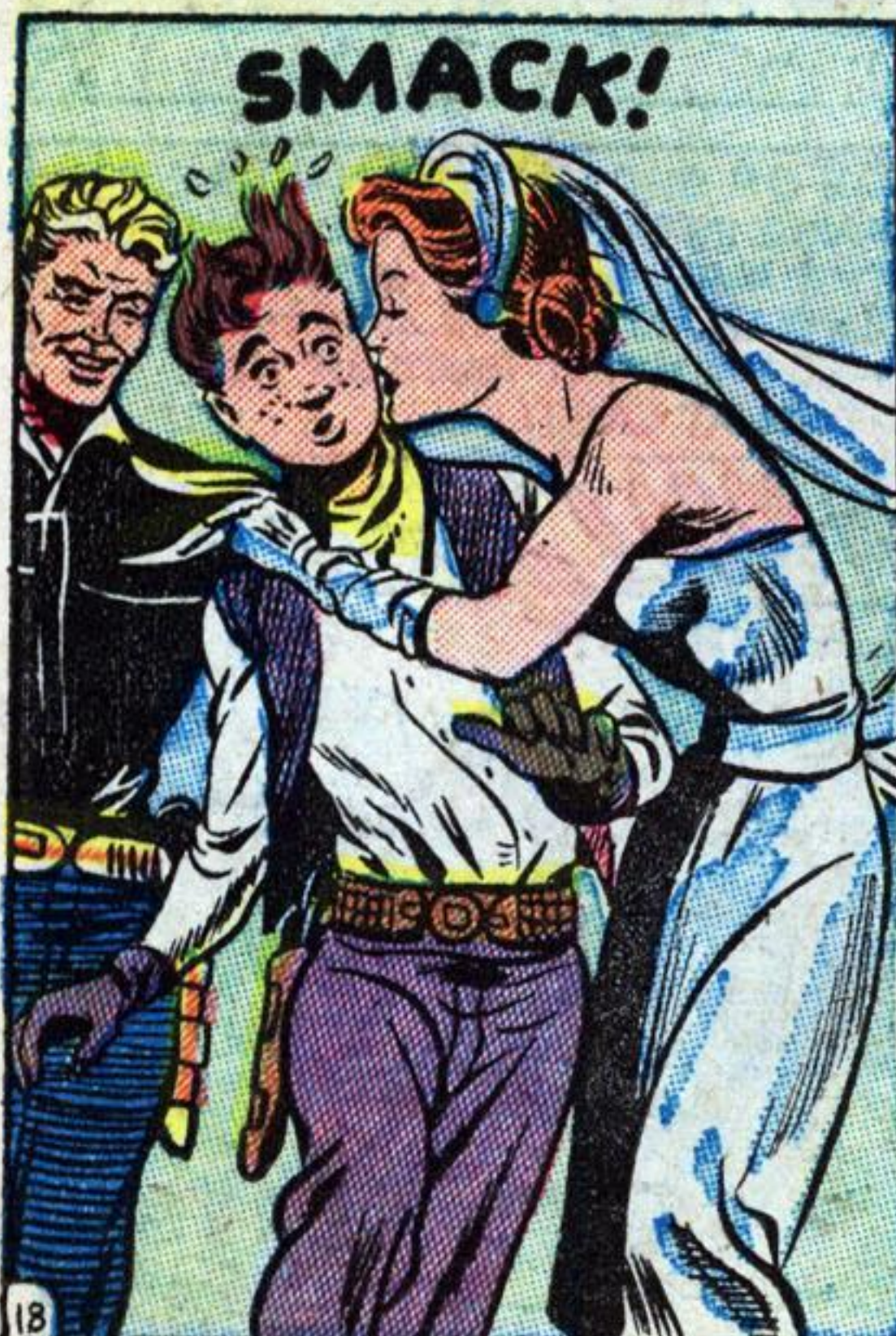
A WEEK LATER, AFTER THE
STRANGE STORY HAD BEEN TOLD...

I NOW PRONOUNCE
YOU MAN AND WIFE!

BAH...
MUSH!



IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU
AND RUSTY, THIS HAPPY
DAY WOULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN! I CAN'T
THANK YOU ENOUGH!
AND AS
FOR
RUSTY...



SMACK!

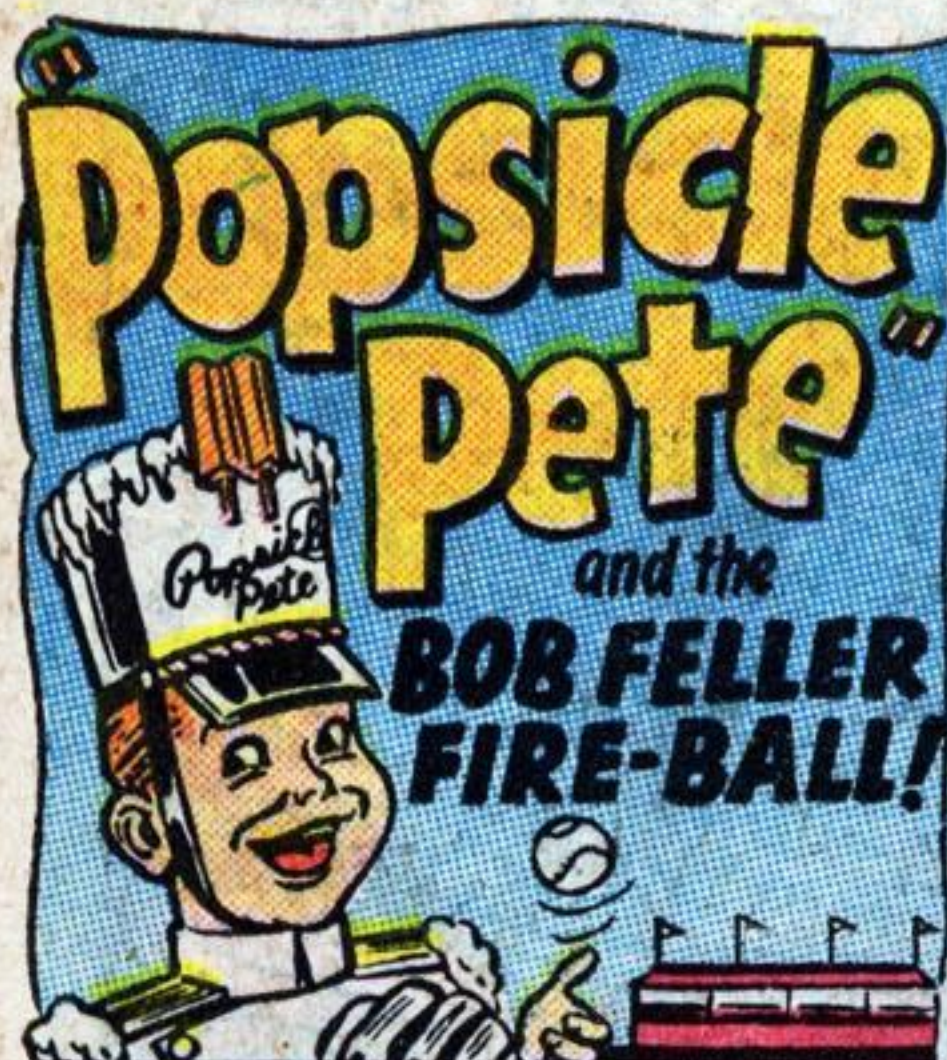


RUSTY! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?
RUSTY!



GIRLS...
OH BOY!

THE END



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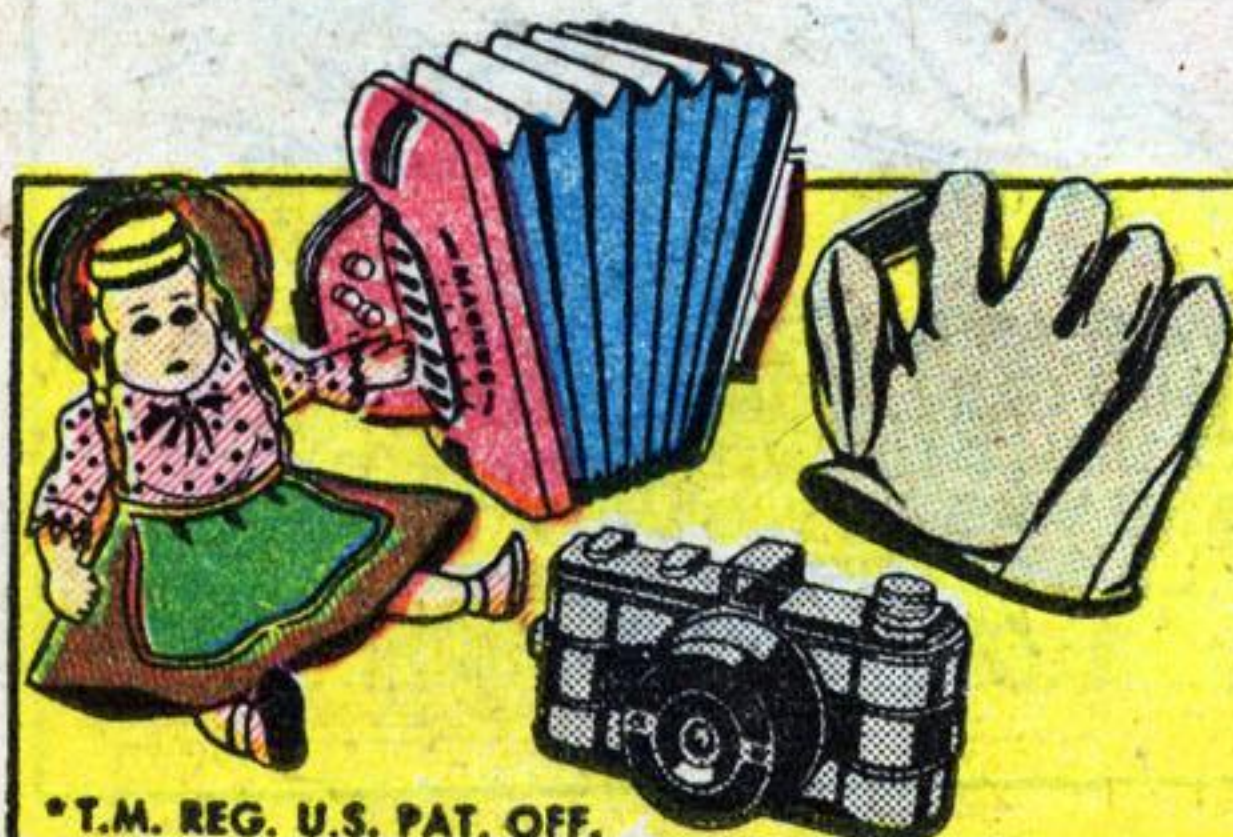
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SCRAPBOOK OF THE WEST

6225



DR. J.P. HOLLIDAY, A FRAIL AND SICKLY MAN, WAS A PEACEFUL AND LAW-ABIDING DENTIST IN DALLAS!



HE SUDDENLY TURNED TO GAMBLING... AND THEN TO MURDER, WHEN HE KILLED A MAN OVER A GAME OF CARDS!



"DOC" HOLLIDAY

ONCE HIS CAREER OF KILLING WAS INAUGURATED, "DOC" HOLLIDAY BECAME THE COLDEST-BLOODED KILLER IN TOMBSTONE, THE OUTLAW TOWN OF THE OLD WILD WEST! DOC'S FAVORITE WEAPON, IN GANG DUELS, WAS A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, WHICH HE SLUNG TO HIS SHOULDER, BENEATH HIS COAT! WHEN HE USED THE GUN IT WAS WHOLESALE MURDER... BECAUSE "DOC" SHOT TO KILL!



HE WAS CALLED THE "GOOD BADMAN" OF TOMBSTONE BECAUSE HE SIDED WITH HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE, WYATT EARP! THE LAWMAN NEEDED "DOC'S" QUICK TRIGGER AND FLAMING SHOTGUN!

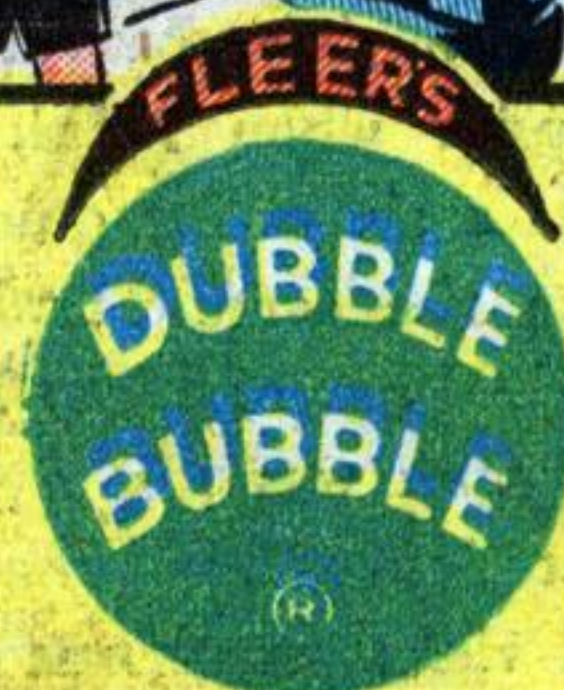


"DOC WAS AS SHARP WITH HIS WIT AS HE WAS WITH HIS GUN! WHEN TUBERCULOSIS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND "DOC" REALIZED HE WAS DYING WITH HIS BOOTS OFF, HIS LAST WORDS WERE... "THIS IS FUNNY!"



Dubble Bubble Gum is best
for you and me and all the rest
GET SOME TODAY!

1C with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



F. M. FLEER, CORP., PHILA. 49, PA.

BUY MAGAZINES with the CIRCULAR SEAL

that says...



Editorial Consultant:

JEAN THOMPSON, M.D.

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In view of our effort to publish only the very best in entertainment, fit for young and old, we ask that the magazines bearing the Marvel seal be shown to parents and teachers who have been critical of comics.

We feel that an examination of these magazines will provide ample proof that Marvel comics are good reading.



the sign of a good comic

BADGE OF HONOR



"I'VE come back for my tin star, Mayor Crispin—the one you ripped off my shirt a couple of years ago when you ran me out of town!"

Tom Crispin, Mayor of Limp Rock, stared in amazement at the tall, slender figure of Hank Bright. The Mayor was just sitting down to supper when Hank stormed into the house like a sixty-mile gale. Somehow it didn't seem like the same Hank Bright the Mayor had kicked out of Limp Rock two years ago.

Hank was just a green kid of twenty then, but Tom Crispin made him sheriff. Hank did all right, until one day Bull Bissonette challenged him to draw, and Hank yellowed up. Bull beat him unmercifully with his fists after that, and as Hank lay in the dust of the main street, bloody and bruised, Mayor Crispin tore the sheriff's badge from Hank's shirt. "You're a spineless skunk, Hank Bright. Clear out before sundown or we'll heel-shoot you out of here to the Mexican border!"

Those were the Mayor's last words as Hank limped out of town that day. The beating Bull gave him didn't hurt half as much as the turned backs of the women and the cries of "*lily-livered lawman*" as he dragged his weary body out of Limp Rock.

"Well, Crispin, do I get back my star or don't I?"

Recovering from his surprise, Tom Crispin's face tightened and he searched for his gun. "Why you yellow bellied—!"

With the speed of light Hank unholstered a set of six-shooters. "Stop your hand and your mouth right there, Mayor. I'm callin' all draws now. Two years can change a man, Crispin!" Hank's eyes narrowed. "Yep, two years can do plenty to a man."

The Mayor's hand halted halfway down to his holster. "That's mighty fast leather slap-pin', Hank. But you ain't gettin' the star. You dishonored it once, and I won't give you the

chance to do it again."

"Who's totin' that star now?"

"Nobody!"

"Nobody?"

"Ain't a man in all the west that'll wear a disgraced star. Limp Rock has been without a lawman ever since you made a coward's badge out the sheriff's star."

"I want to earn that star, Mayor." Hank reholstered his smokepoles. "I'm not makin' excuses for myself. I was yellower than a dandelion when Bull Bissonette called my draw and whipped me to the ground. Limp Rock got rid of me, but I had to live with myself the past two years. Many was the night I placed my gun to my head, ready to blow it off. But somethin' held me back. Mebbe it was the beatin' Bull handed me . . . mebbe it was the blood poundin' in my head and screamin' yellow!"

Mayor Crispin sat silently as Hank's words faded away. He studied the young man's face. "Okay, Hank, you can have the star . . . on one condition."

"Name it."

"Settle your old score with Bull Bissonette!"

Hank Bright smiled for the first time that evening. "The pleasure will be all mine, Mayor. Where does he hang out?"

"Same place. He owns the Silver Stirrup now. You'll find him there."

"Thanks, Mayor." Hank hoisted his gun-belt and turned to the door. "Start shinin' up that star, Tom, I aim to wear it again . . . with honor!"

Hank Bright's heart pounded like a sledgehammer as he walked down the dark streets toward the Silver Stirrup. Nobody would recognize him if he kept to the shadows, he thought. He ran his big hands over his holsters, and the feel of his guns calmed him. Two long years he waited for this. He couldn't freeze now. It *had* to be different this time!

His face flinched as his memory brought back Bull Bissonette's every blow. He could almost feel the Mayor's hand ripping the star from his chest.

Furtive footsteps, a sliding of gravel across the street, interrupted Hank's thoughts. A shadow stirred then disappeared into the darkness. Suddenly a tongue of red flame belched out from the dark, and Hank felt something slam into his shoulder that felt like a red-hot poker. He dropped to the ground. Another splash of fire roared from the bushwhacker's gun and kicked up the gravel. The shadow detached itself from the wall of darkness and scurried away into the night.

"Bull Bissonette's welcoming committee, no doubt," Hank mumbled as he got up. His shoulder burned where the slug had sliced him, but there was no turning back. Bull would be waiting for him now that he knew Hank was back in town.

Hank pushed open the swinging doors of the Silver Stirrup and stepped into the haze of tobacco smoke. His eyes scanned the room then rested on a broad-shouldered figure leaning at the far end of the bar. His eyes glued to his man, Hank walked slowly toward him, weaving between the gambling tables. As he passed each table, the play stopped, voices whispered, then everything was silent. The bartender leaned over and whispered to the man at the end of the bar. The man straightened and his arm slid off the bar.

"Your bushwhackin' notch-cutter wasted both his shots, Bull. If you're goin' to draw, make sure you're plenty more economical."

Turning slowly, Bull faced Hank. "So you came back, huh?" Bull laughed out loud. "The lily-livered lawman is back!" A chuckle rippled through the crowd.

That was all Hank Bright needed. He wasn't in the Silver Stirrup now. He was out on the street and the time was two years back. The blood seemed to rush through his veins. He wanted Bull to start for his guns, but Bull just grinned. "You beat me with guns and you beat me with fists, Bull. I'm hankerin' for another try. What'll it be . . . hoglegs or hands?"

The grin on Bull's face melted away. All eyes were on him. Bull swallowed hard. "Gun-blastin' is too good fer you. I'd rather rip you apart with my bare hands!"

Both men unbuckled their gunbelts and threw them on the bar. Bull spit into his fists and charged into Hank with murder flashing

in his eyes. A crushing blow smashed into Hank's face dropping him to the barroom floor like a sack of flour. Warm blood streamed down his face and the room began to whirl like a tornado. The crowd roared and fear punched at Hank's heart. He had to get up. Everything was at stake . . . his life . . . *his honor!* He shook his head and the spinning ceased just in time for him to see Bull's hob-nailed boot coming down upon him. Hank grabbed Bull's foot and twisted it with all his strength. The big man screamed with pain and slammed to the floor.

Hank was up on his feet, his head clear, his eyes sharp. He waited for his man to get up. Bull rested on one knee, then charged. Hank stepped to one side and Bull's iron fist brushed by harmlessly. The ex-sheriff plowed a smashing blow into Bull's chest, hurling the gambler against the bar. Before Bull could recover Hank was on his man, hammering his face with a murderous tattoo of fists. Blood blinded Bull's eyes as Hank's squashing punches landed with sickening thuds.

Bull's hand snatched a bottle off the bar and he raised it like a club, ready to bring it down in a killing whack on Hank's head. With all the remaining power and fury in him, the ex-sheriff lifted a battering, haymaker uppercut to Bull's jaw, raising the gambler off the floor and over the bar. Hank waited, but Bull Bissonette lay still.

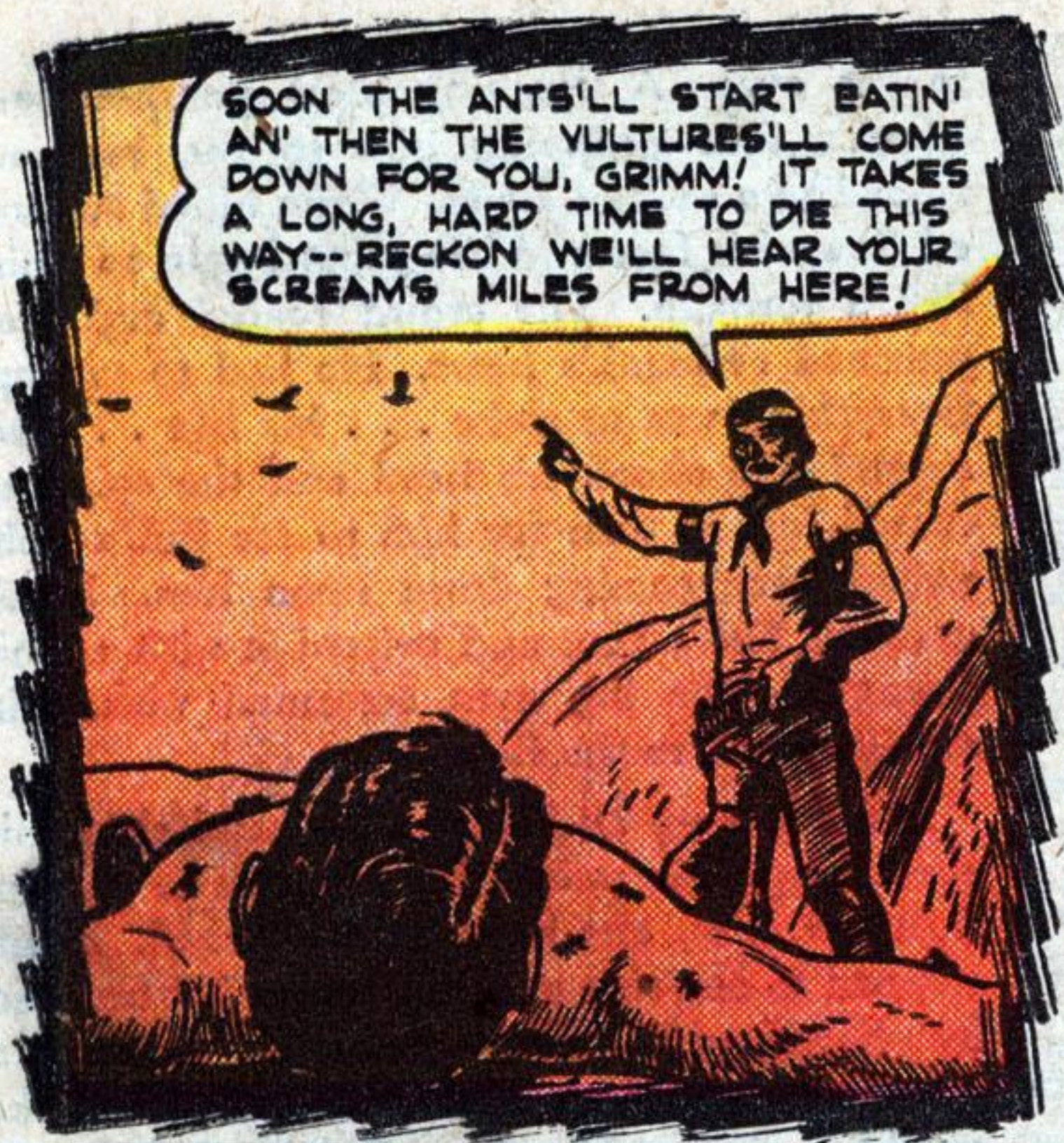
The hush of the crowd was broken by Mayor Crispin's voice. "You won back your star, Hank." He walked over and pinned it on Hank's blood-drenched shirt.

"Thanks, Mayor," Hank said, as he yanked the Mayor's gun from its holster and examined the cylinder. "And my first official act is to place you under arrest for taking a couple of shots at me."

"What—how—?" Mayor Crispin stuttered.

"Nobody knew I was in town but you, Mayor. There're two empty chambers in your six-shooter and your gun's been fired recently. You and Bull were partners—Bull robbed the folks and you protected him. You didn't appoint a sheriff because you didn't want one—that's why you framed me into a fight with Bull two years back, and then ran me out of town. Well, now I'm runnin' you and Bull into jail, Mr. ex-Mayor . . ."

Hank looked down at the tin star pinned to his shirt and added, "*—with honor!*"



SOON THE ANTS'LL START EATIN' AN' THEN THE VULTURES'LL COME DOWN FOR YOU, GRIMM! IT TAKES A LONG, HARD TIME TO DIE THIS WAY-- RECKON WE'LL HEAR YOUR SCREAMS MILES FROM HERE!

KID COLT

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!

5500



STEEL, OL' FELLER, WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN UNTIL WE RIDE OUT OF THESE HILLS! THIS IS MARSHAL CARLOS GRIMM'S TERRITORY... THE GREATEST MAN-HUNTER IN THE WEST!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP... THE GULLY IS DEEP ENOUGH TO HIDE A FIRE! OUTLAWS LIKE US HAVE TO BE MIGHTY CAREFUL... ESPECIALLY IN CARLOS GRIMM'S STAMPING GROUNDS! IT'S SAID HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!



WHAT IS IT, BOY? WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

HE HEARS ME, KID COLT! CARLOS GRIMM!



KID, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED AN' I NEVER MISS!

I'VE GOT YOU COVERED AN' I NEVER MISS EITHER, GRIMM! IT LOOKS LIKE A STALEMATE, MARSHAL!

GRIMLY THE TWO MEN FACE EACH OTHER, THE GREAT MAN-HUNTER AND THE FAMOUS OUTLAW... DOUBLE DEATH HANGING ON THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS!

I GUESS THIS IS IT FOR BOTH OF US, KID! I NEVER BACK DOWN FROM AN OUTLAW!

WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, MARSHAL!

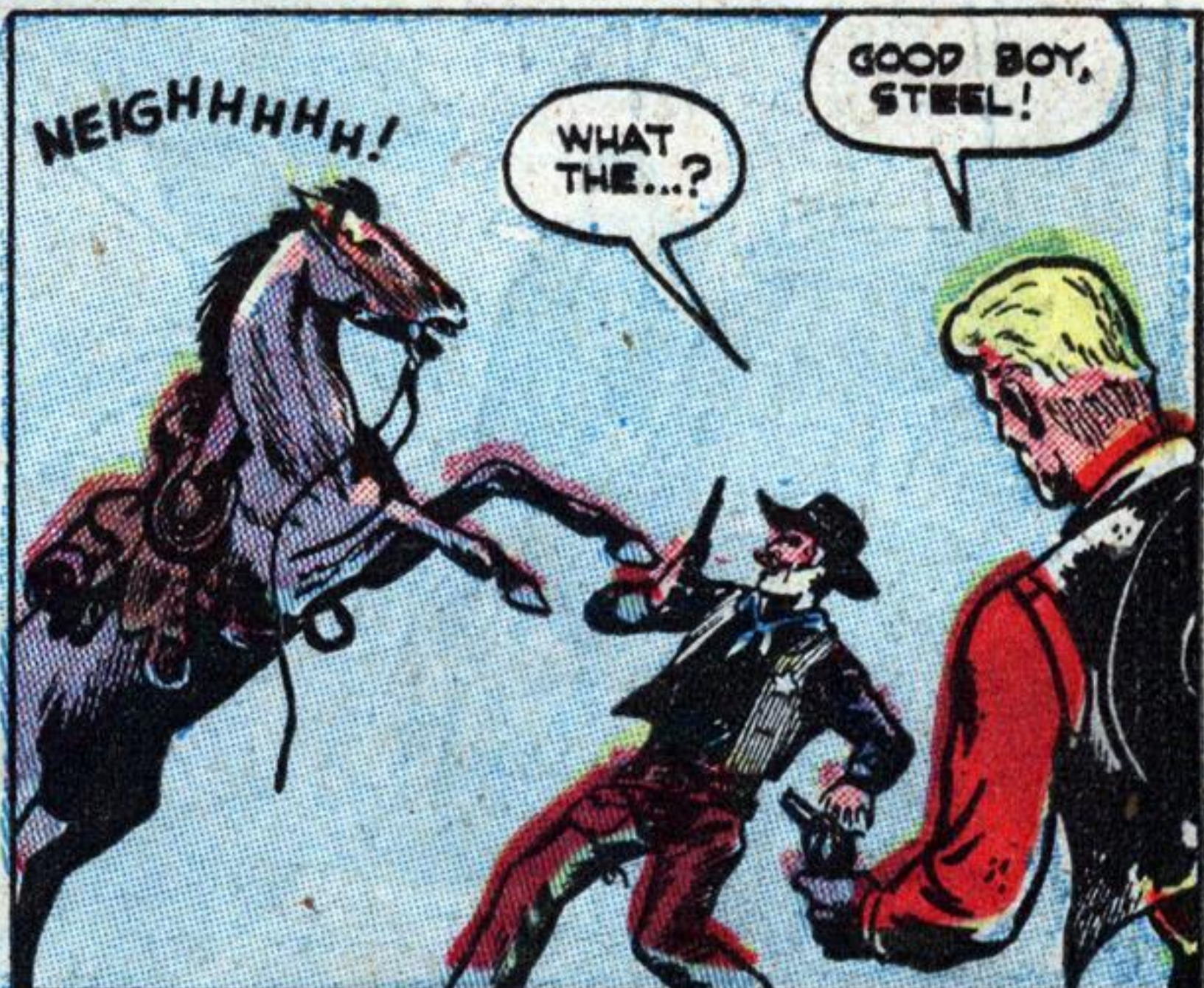


SUDDENLY A NEW FACTOR ENTERS INTO THE TENSE SITUATION... STEEL, SENSING HIS MASTER'S DANGER, GOES INTO ACTION!

NEIGHHHH!

WHAT THE...?

GOOD BOY, STEEL!



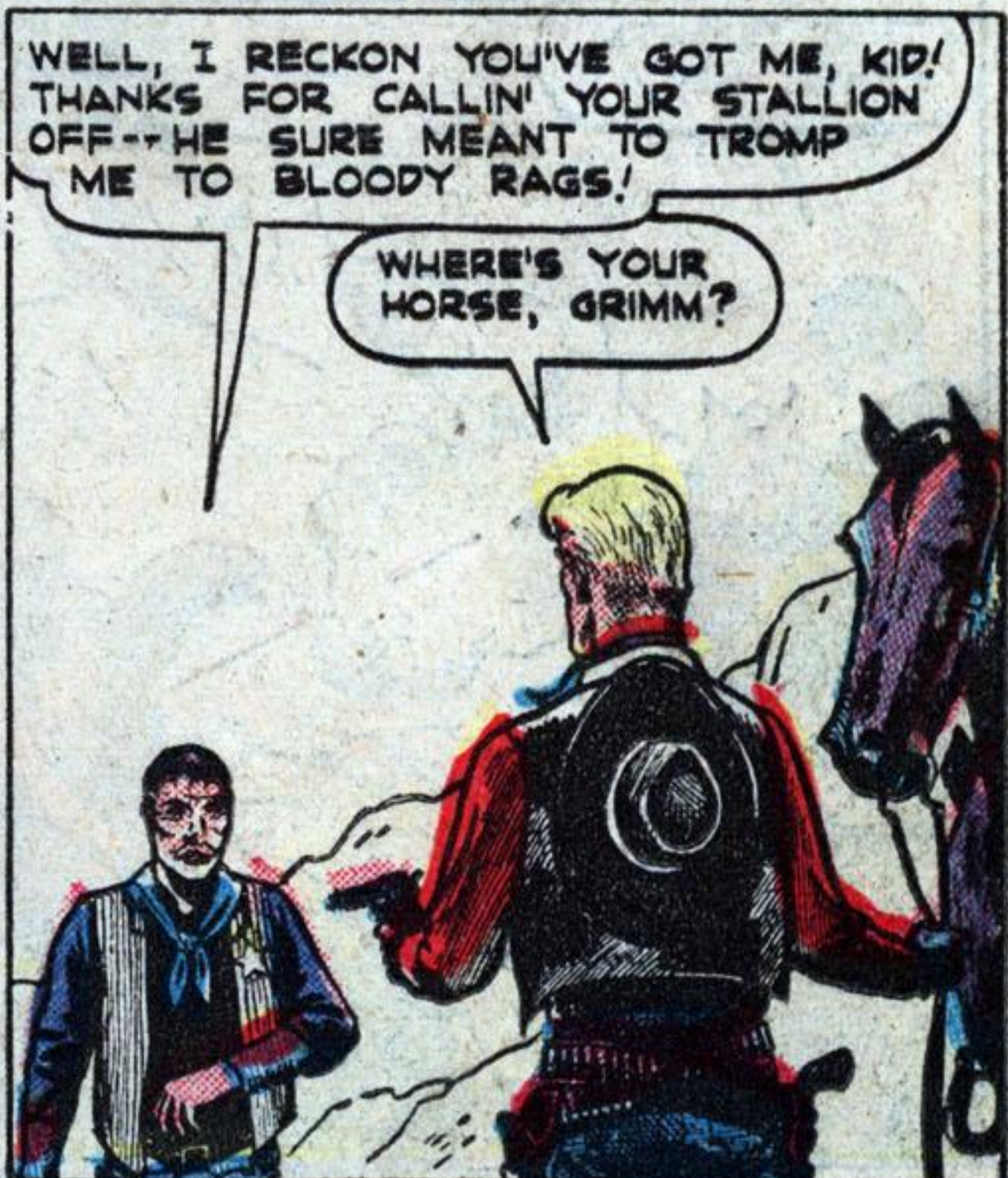
BACK, STEEL... COME HERE, BOY!

BANG!



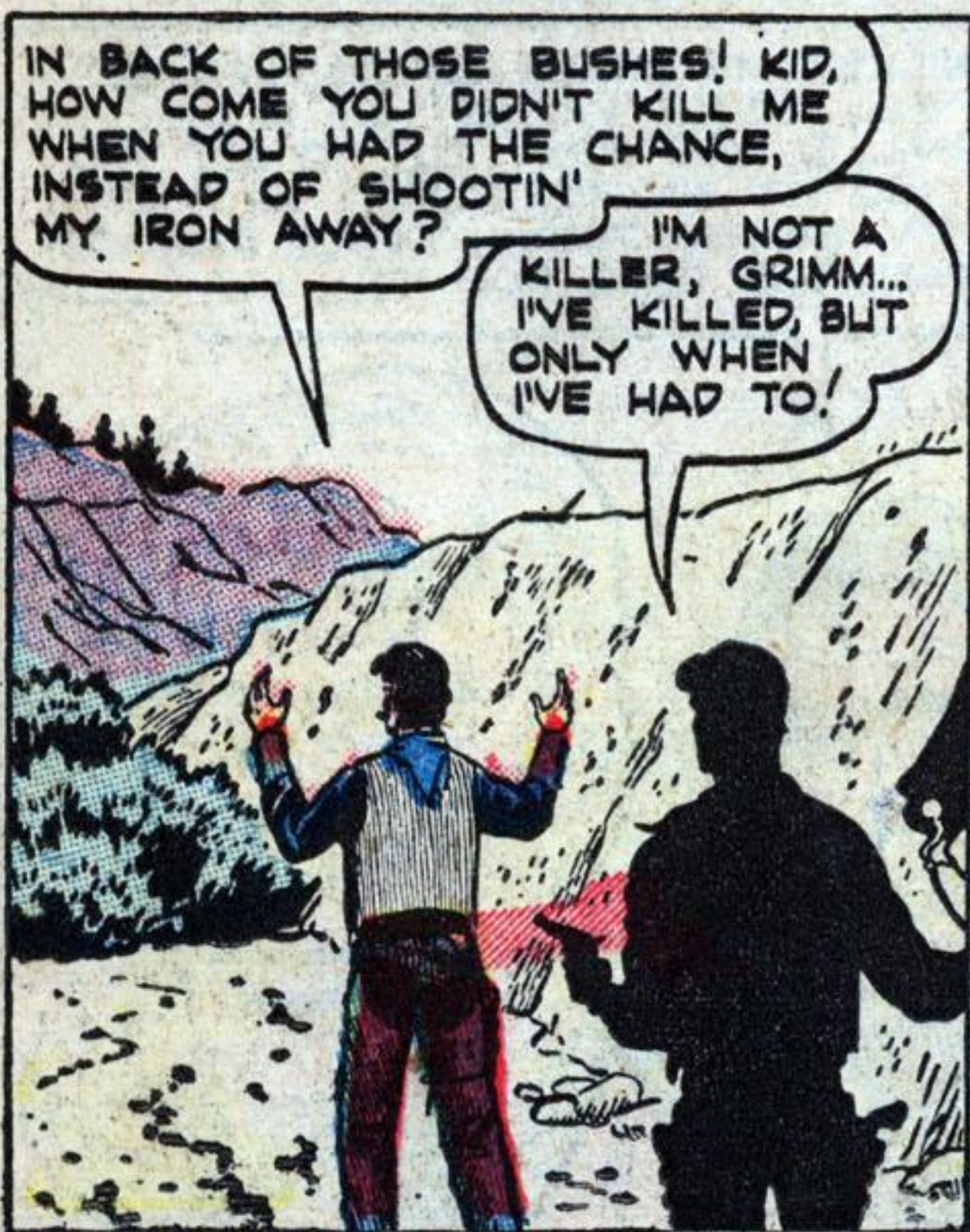
WELL, I RECKON YOU'VE GOT ME, KID! THANKS FOR CALLIN' YOUR STALLION OFF--HE SURE MEANT TO TROMP ME TO BLOODY RAGS!

WHERE'S YOUR HORSE, GRIMM?



IN BACK OF THOSE BUSHES! KID, HOW COME YOU DIDN'T KILL ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, INSTEAD OF SHOOTIN' MY IRON AWAY?

I'M NOT A KILLER, GRIMM... I'VE KILLED, BUT ONLY WHEN I'VE HAD TO!

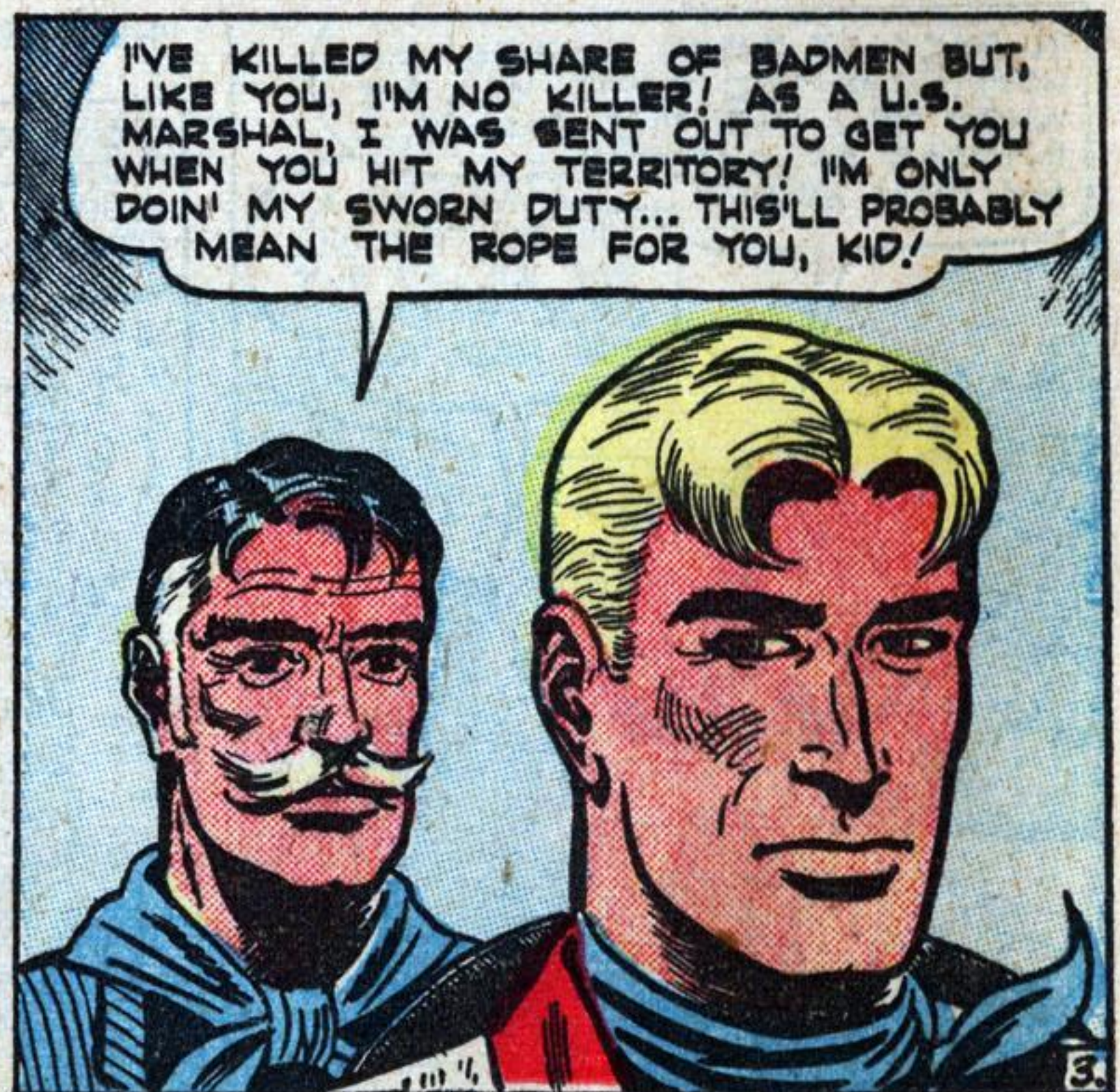
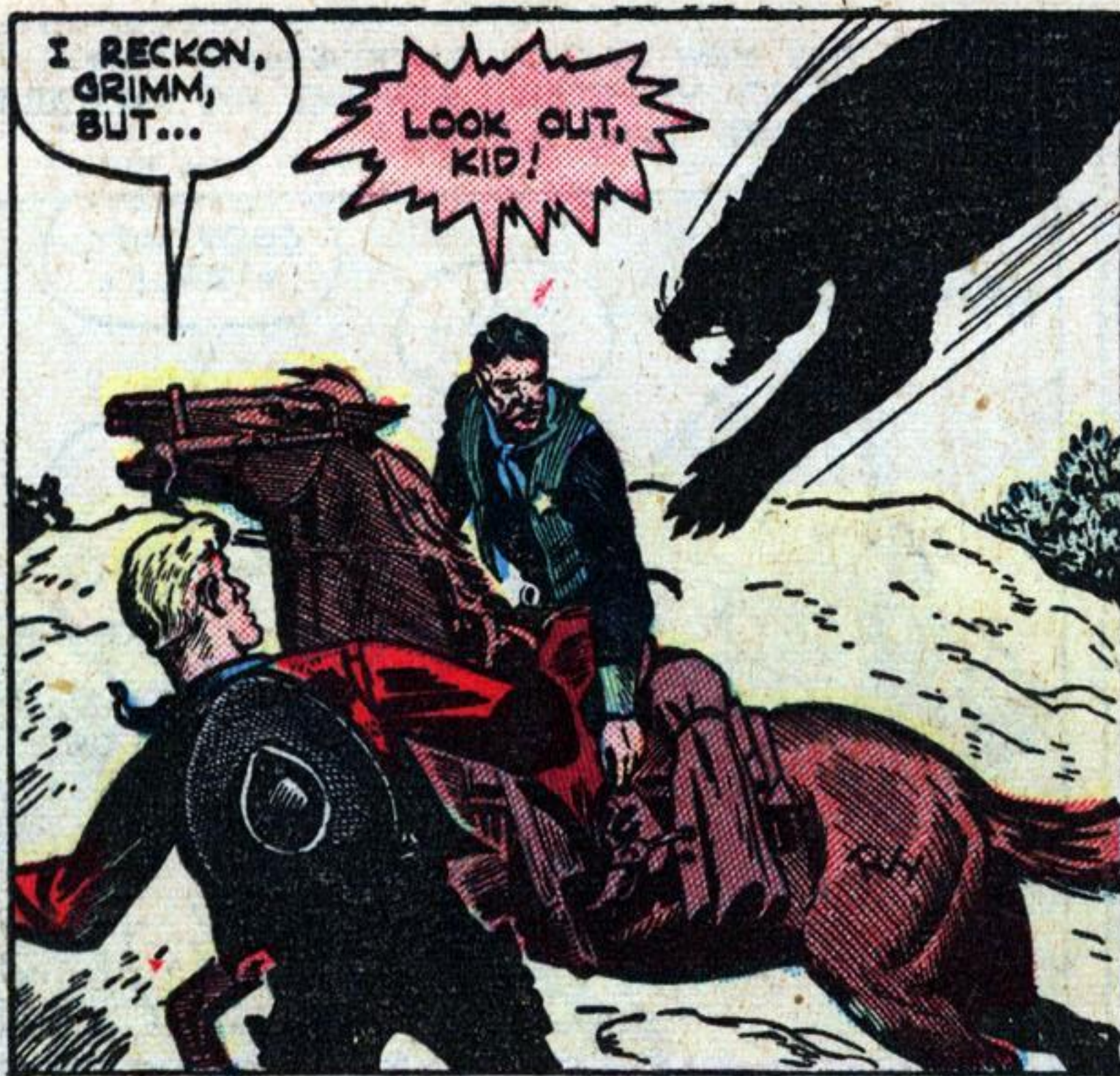


NEITHER MAN NOTICES THE MENACE HOVERING ABOVE THEM!

OKAY, GRIMM, RIDE OUT... I'M RIDING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!

I BETTER WARN YOU, KID--I WAS SENT OUT TO GET YOU, SO I'LL BE ON YOUR TRAIL AGAIN, PRONTO!







YOU SURE LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION, GRIMM...THE MARSHAL WHO ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN... CAN'T BE BRIBED OR STOPPED... WHOSE DUTY TO THE BADGE HE WEARS IS A RELIGION WITH HIM!

HORSES... HEADIN' THIS WAY!



IT'S THAT WOLF, CARLOS GRIMM! GET HIM!

APACHE COOMBS!



I'VE WAITED YEARS TO GET THIS SKUNK!

WAIT, AMIGO... QUICK DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR THIS ENEMY OF OURS!



RECKON YOU PULLED ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT, APACHE!

KID COLT, THE LONE WOLF OUTLAW! MEBBE NOW THAT I'VE SAVED YOU FROM SWINGIN', YOU WON'T BE TOO PROUD TO RIDE WITH ME AN' MY BOYS?



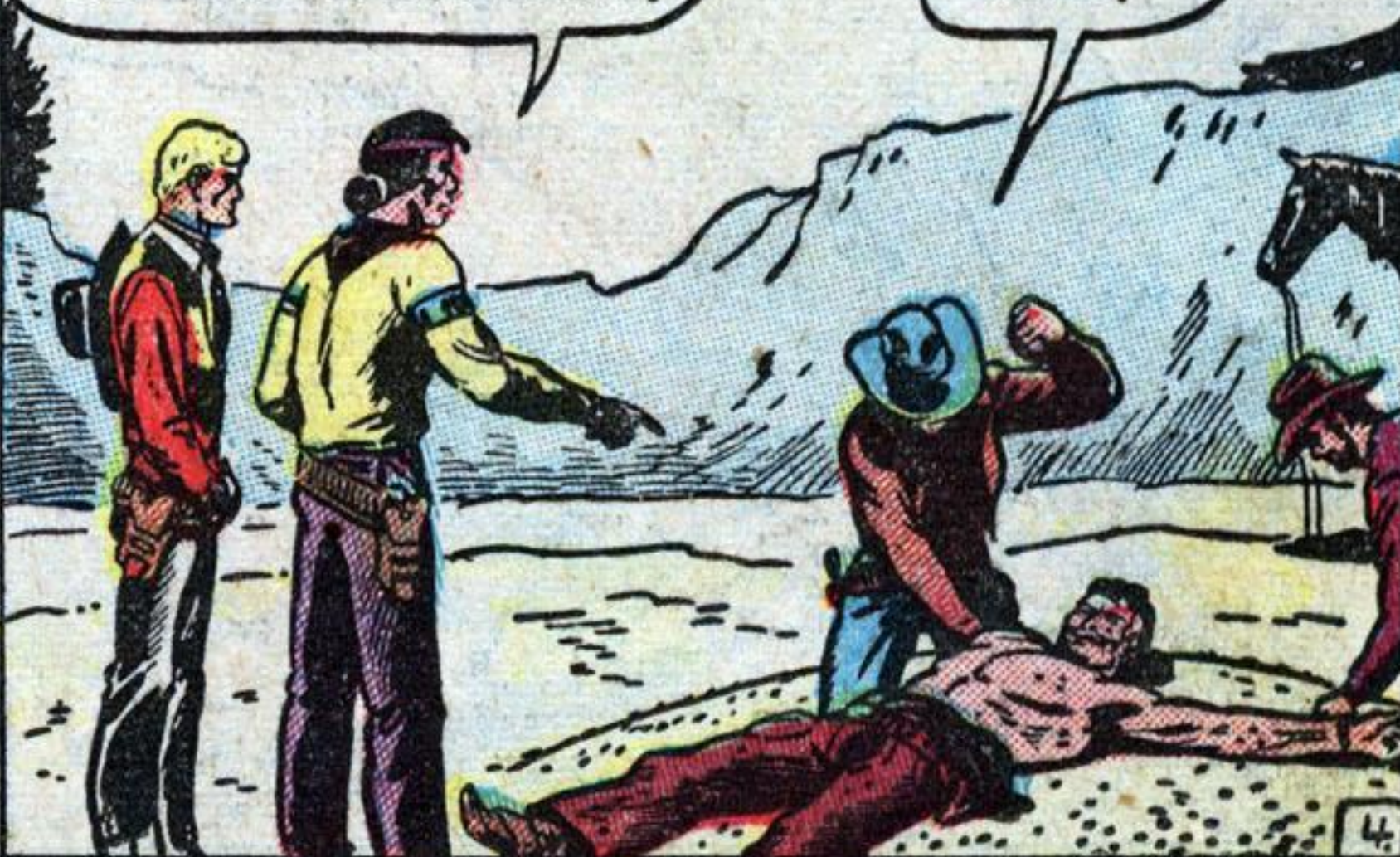
I RECKON YOU'RE CALLIN' THE TUNE RIGHT NOW, APACHE! HOW ABOUT GETTIN' THESE BRACELETS OFF?

I'LL GET THE KEYS! THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF MARSHAL GRIMM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, FREED OF THE HANDCUFFS, THE KID WATCHES APACHE'S VICIOUS PREPARATIONS FOR MARSHAL GRIMM'S DEATH!

PEG THE SNAKE DOWN ON THIS ANT HILL... A BULLET'S TOO QUICK FOR THIS BLOODHOUND!

HAW! HAW! APACHE, YA SURE GET SOME GOOD IDEAS!





SOON THE ANTS'LL START EATIN' AN' THEN THE VULTURES'LL COME DOWN FOR YOU, GRIMM! IT TAKES A LONG, HARD TIME TO DIE THIS WAY--RECKON WE'LL HEAR YOUR SCREAMS MILES FROM HERE!



YOU'VE TRACKED DOWN YOUR LAST MAN, YOU COYOTE! LET'S GO, MEN!

THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU YET, YOU HEATHEN DEVIL! YOUR KIND DON'T LAST LONG... REMEMBER THAT!



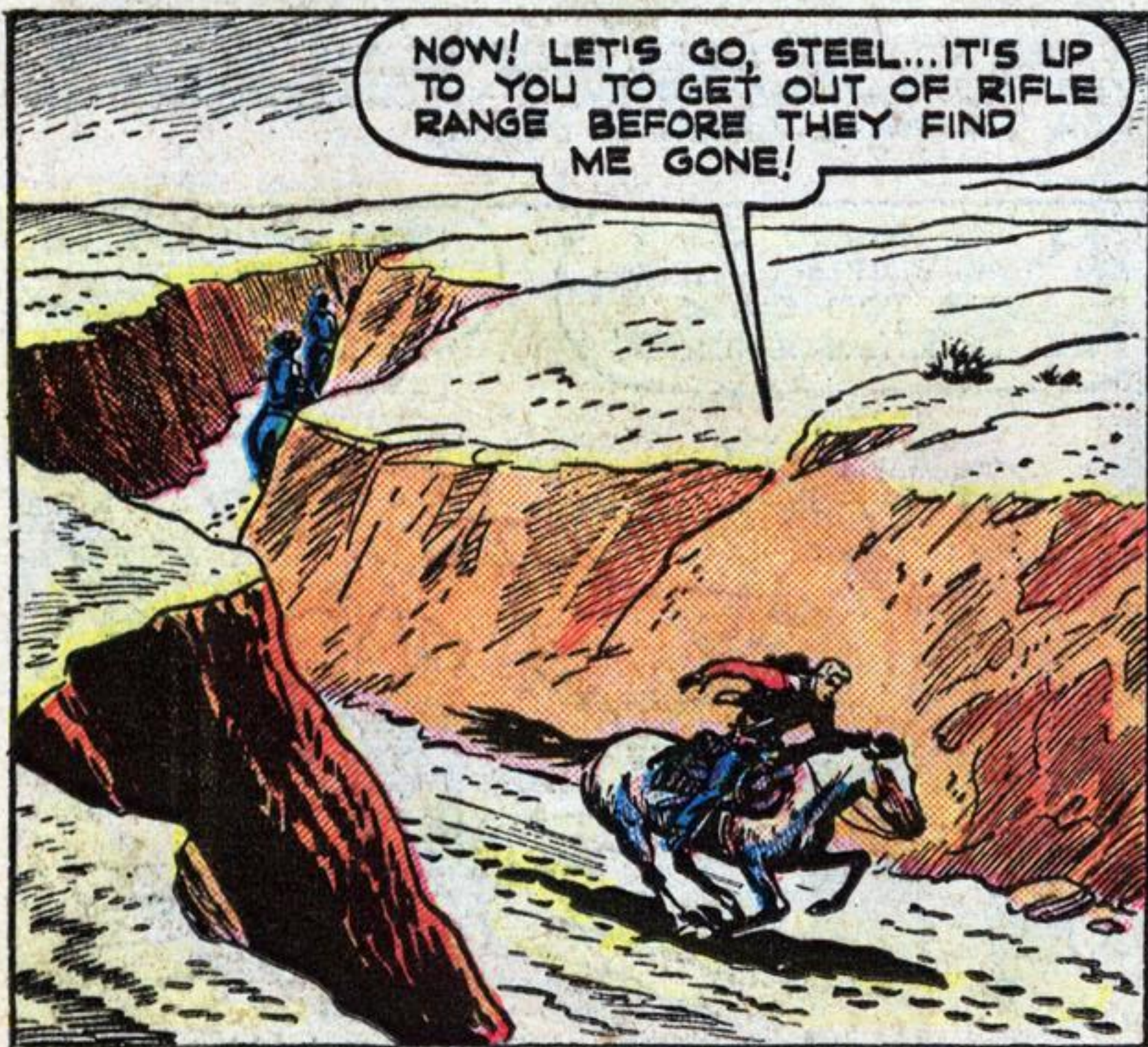
I'M GLAD YOU'RE WITH US, KID! WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO RAID THE BANK AT CANON CITY!

I CAN'T LEAVE GRIMM TO THAT FATE! I MUST FIND A WAY TO SAVE HIM!

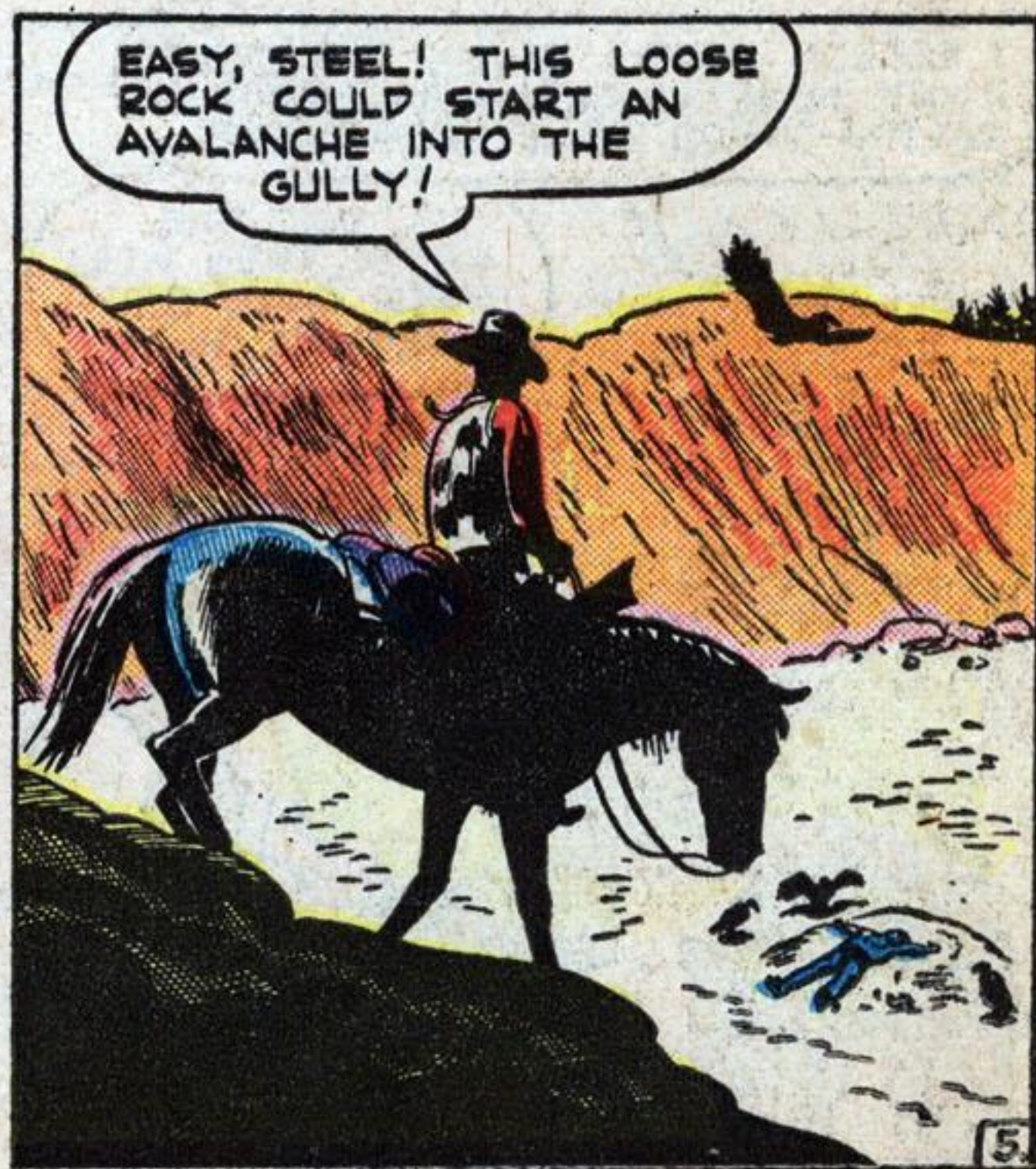
THE ROCKY, TWISTING TRAIL AFFORDS KID COLT THE CHANCE HE NEEDS!



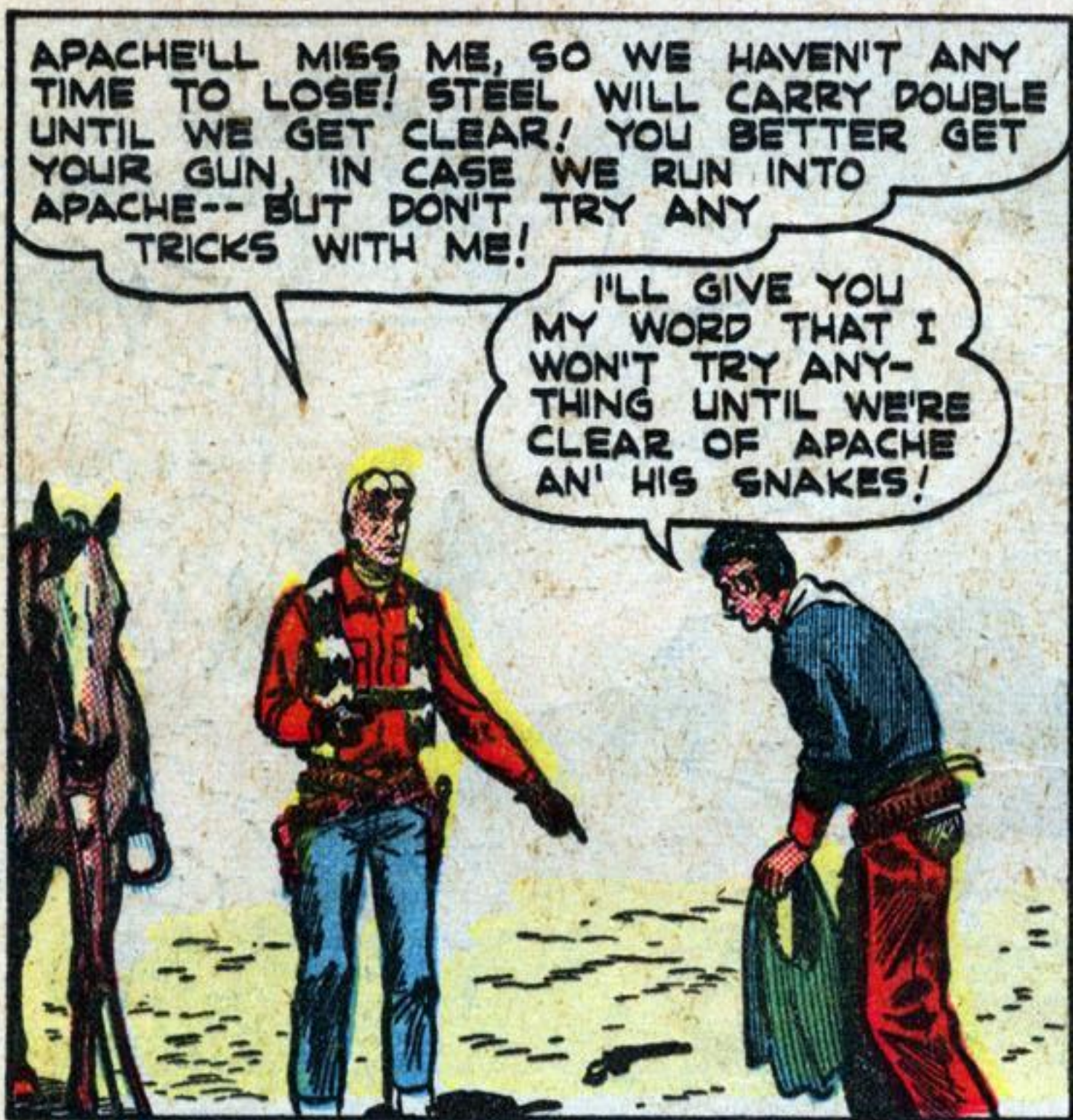
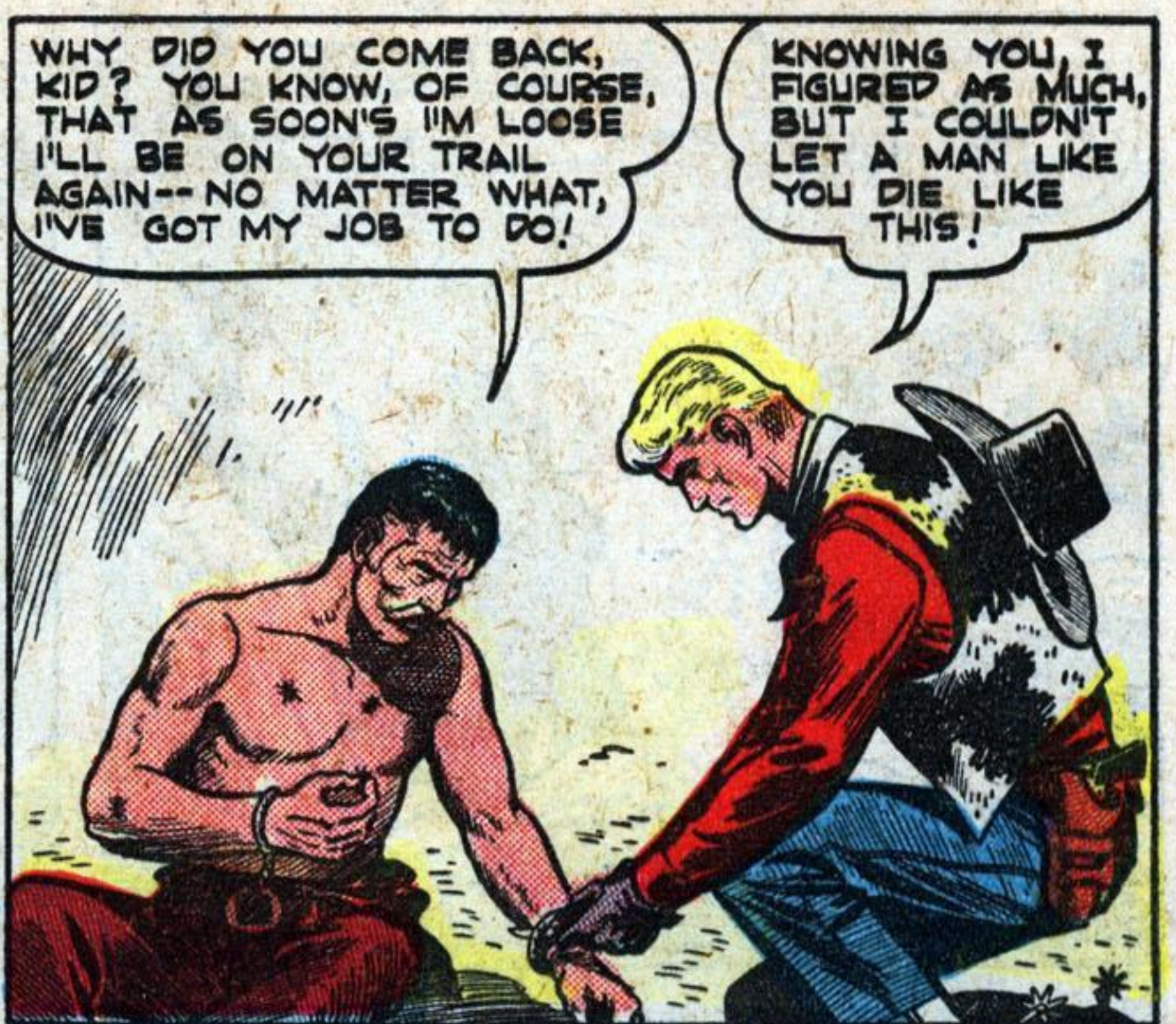
IF I CAN LAG BEHIND A BIT MORE, I CAN GET BACK TO GRIMM! ON THIS TRAIL THEY WON'T DISCOVER I'M GONE UNTIL I'VE GOTTEN A GOOD LEAD!



NOW! LET'S GO, STEEL...IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET OUT OF RIFLE RANGE BEFORE THEY FIND ME GONE!



EASY, STEEL! THIS LOOSE ROCK COULD START AN AVALANCHE INTO THE GULLY!





GOT ME...
IN THE
LEG!

WE'RE WHITTLIN' THEM
DOWN... ONLY APACHE IS
LEFT!



I'LL GET YOU FOR
THIS, YOU BUZZARDS!

HE GOT ME
IN THE ARM!



WELL, WE'RE CLEAR OF
APACHE SO I GUESS
THE TRUCE BETWEEN
US IS OVER! I DON'T
AIM TO BE TAKEN,
GRIMM!

WE'RE A COUPLE OF
FINE SPECIMENS... YOU
SHOT IN THE ARM
AND ME WITH A LEG
WOUND SO BAD I
CAN'T WALK!



IT'S APACHE... HE'S
STARTED A LAND-
SLIDE! GET TO
COVER, KID-- SAVE
YOURSELF! I
CAN'T MOVE!

WHAT'S
THAT?



THAT'S THE END
OF THAT KILLER!

HURRY,
KID, GET
UNDER
THE
LEDGE!



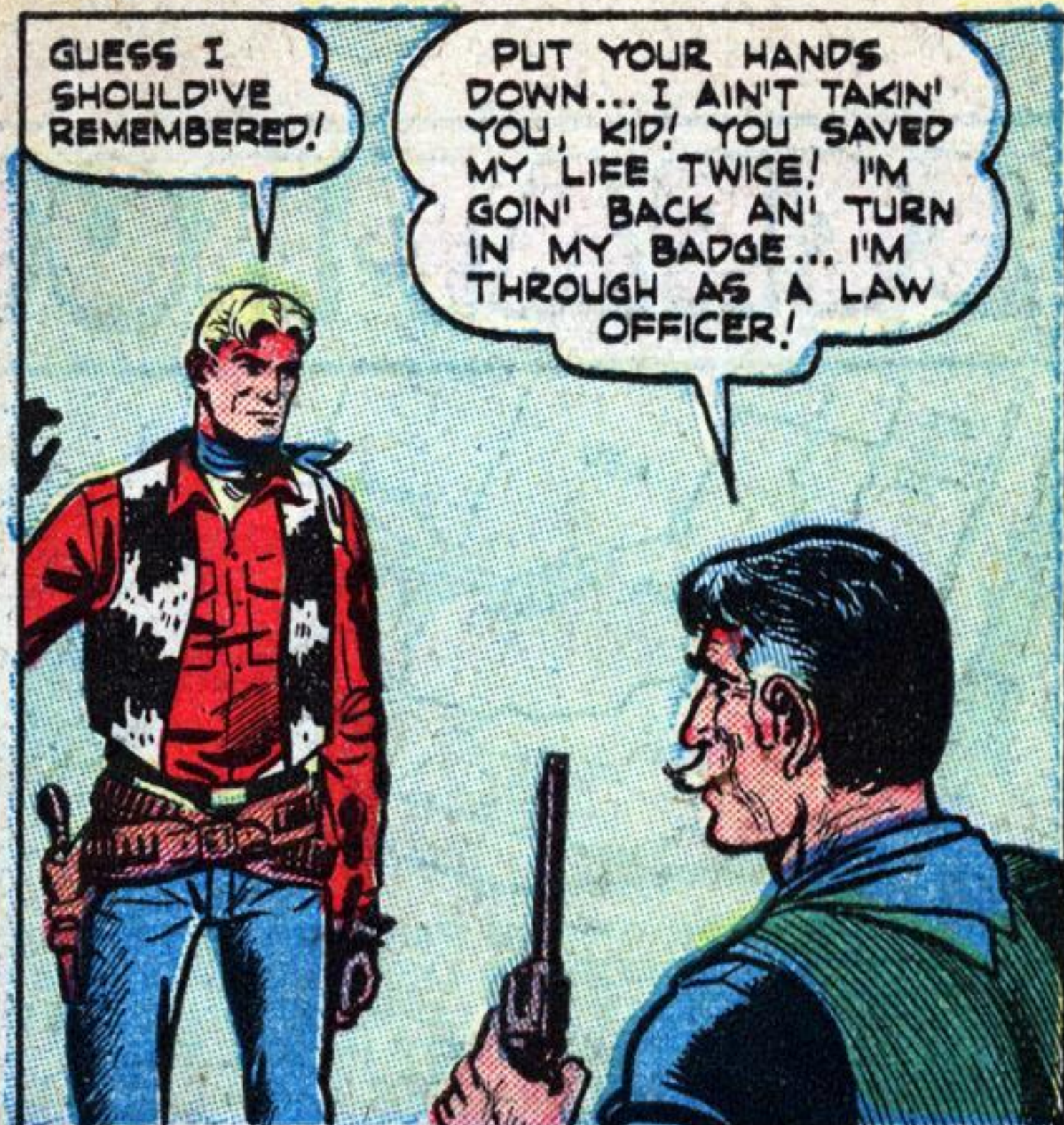
LET ME GO! YOU'LL
NEVER MAKE IT--
DRAGGIN' ME!

THEN WE'LL
BOTH GO
UNDER!



STEEL'S SAFE!

BUT YOU'RE NOT, KID--
I'VE GOT YOU COLD,
THIS TIME!



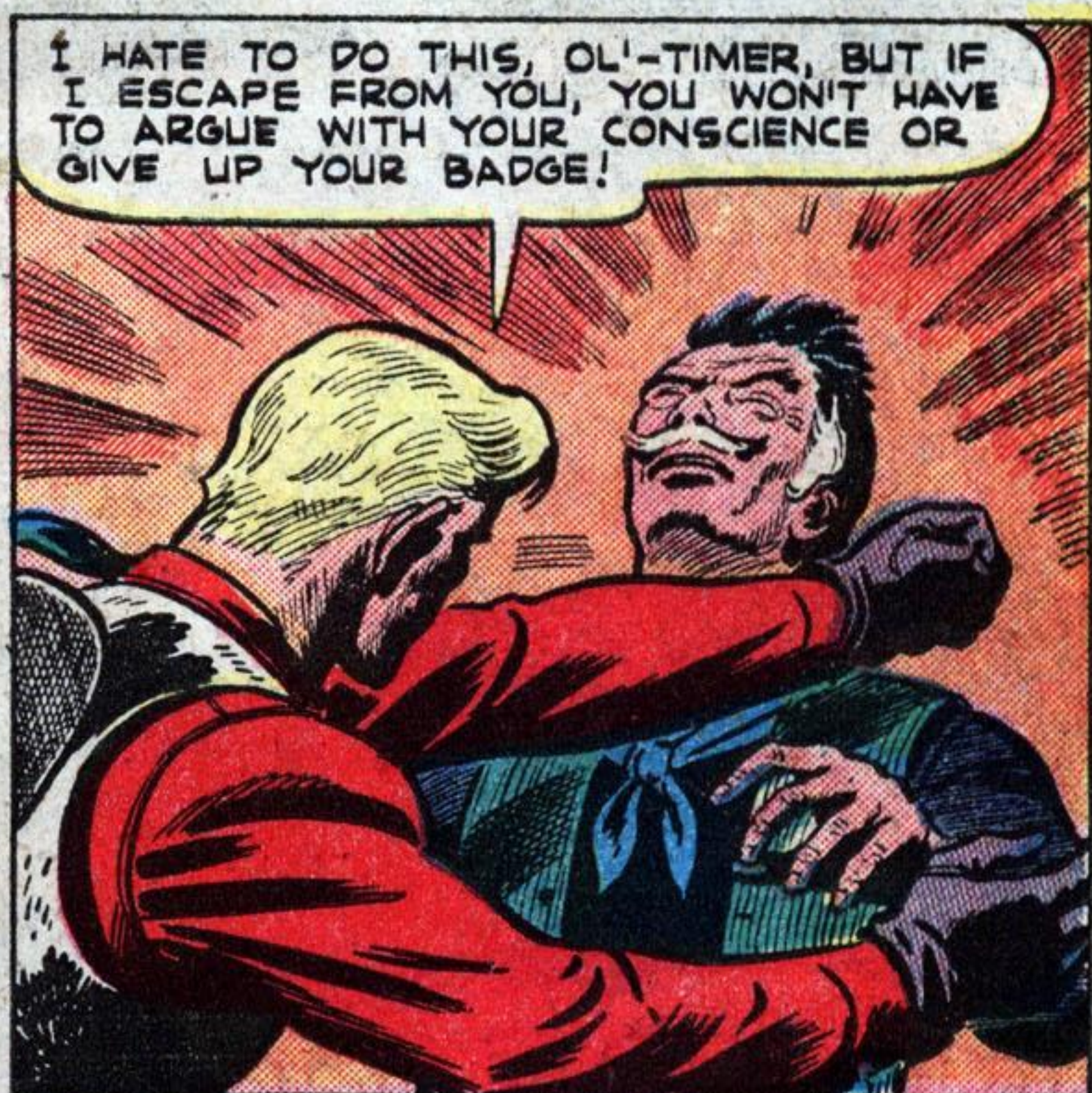
GUESS I
SHOULD'VE
REMEMBERED!

PUT YOUR HANDS
DOWN... I AIN'T TAKIN'
YOU, KID! YOU SAVED
MY LIFE TWICE! I'M
GOIN' BACK AN' TURN
IN MY BADGE... I'M
THROUGH AS A LAW
OFFICER!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT,
GRIMM! THE WEST
NEEDS MEN LIKE
YOU TO ADMINISTER
CLEAN LAW!

NO USE, KID! I CAN'T
TAKE YOU IN, AN'
I'M DISGRACIN' MY
BADGE IF I DON'T!
I ALWAYS SWORE
THAT IF I EVER
MISSED DOIN' MY
DUTY, I'D QUIT!
MY DAYS AS A
MARSHAL'RE OVER!



I HATE TO DO THIS, OL'-TIMER, BUT IF
I ESCAPE FROM YOU, YOU WON'T HAVE
TO ARGUE WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE OR
GIVE UP YOUR BADGE!



I'LL LEAVE THIS OUTLAW'S HORSE
HERE FOR HIM! GOOD-BYE.
MARSHAL CARLOS GRIMM!
YOU'RE THE BEST MAN-
HUNTER IN THE WEST...
GOOD LUCK ON THE
TRAIL!



THERE GOES THE KIND OF MAN THAT'LL
MAKE THE WEST LIVE IN HISTORY! HE MAY
BE AN' OUTLAW, BUT HE'S A REAL MAN...
HARD, TOUGH AND STRAIGHT! ADIOS,
KID COLT... MAY LUCK RIDE WITH YOU!

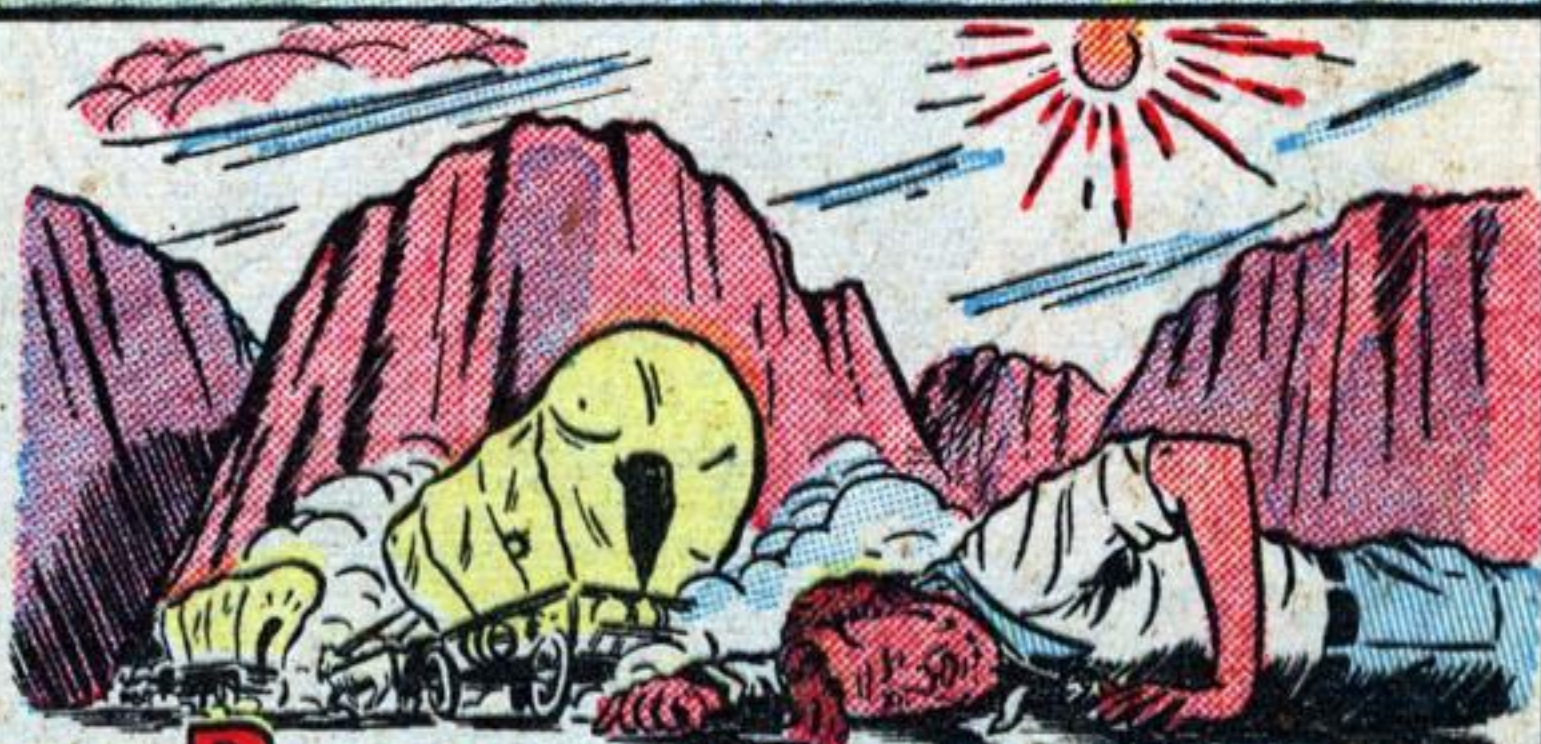
THE END

SCRAPBOOK OF THE WEST

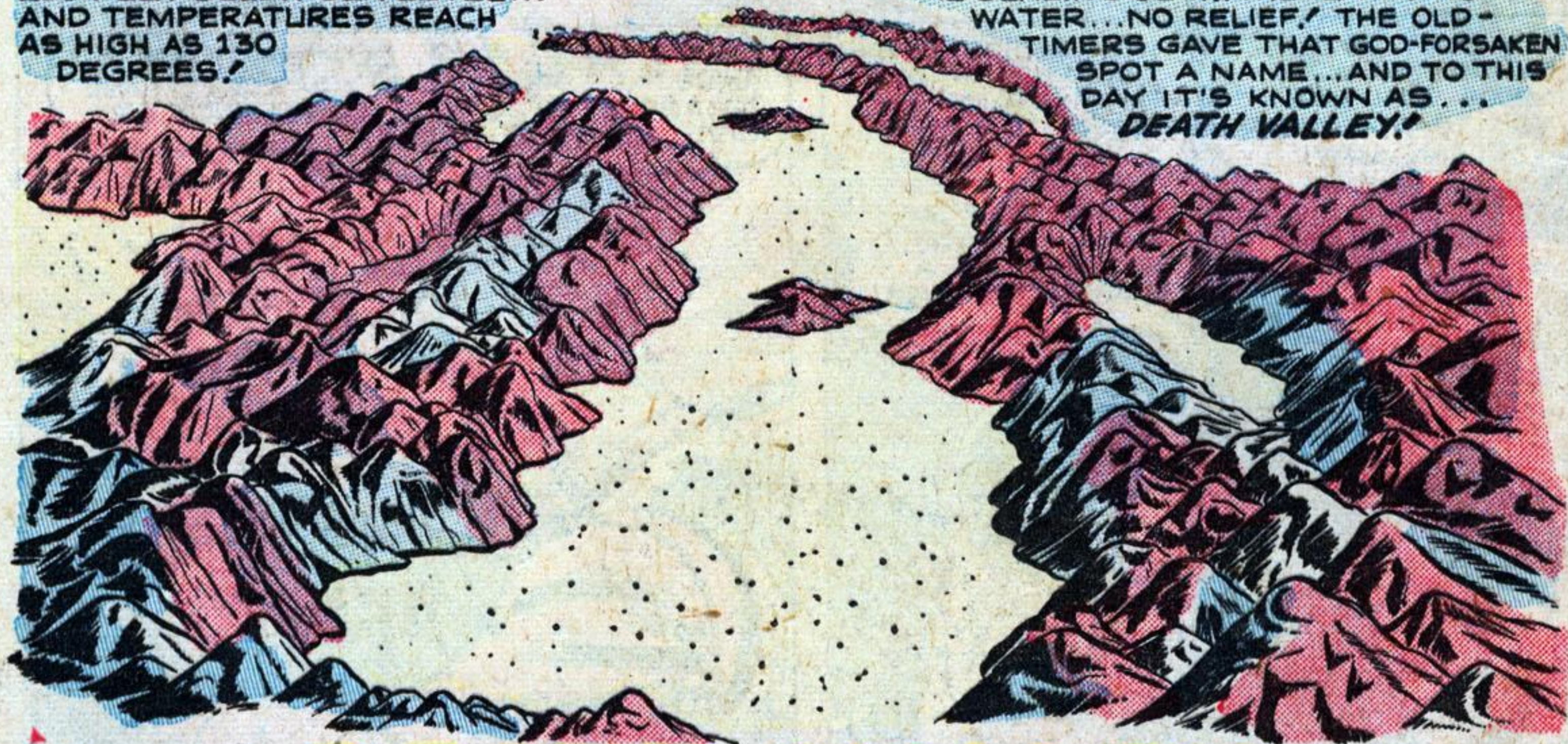
6039



AT THE BASE OF THE PANAMINT MOUNTAINS IN EASTERN CALIFORNIA LIES A VAST DESERT-LIKE VALLEY. IT IS THE LOWEST AND JUST ABOUT THE HOTTEST SPOT IN ALL THE UNITED STATES. IT IS MORE THAN 250 FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL... AND TEMPERATURES REACH AS HIGH AS 130 DEGREES!



BEING 150 MILES LONG AND 30 MILES WIDE, THE VALLEY FORMED A DEATH TRAP FOR MANY OF THE GOLD SEEKING "FORTY-NINERS". MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN DROPPED LIKE SCORCHED FLIES UNDER THE BLAZING SUN... THERE WAS NO WATER... NO RELIEF. THE OLD-TIMERS GAVE THAT GOD-FORSAKEN SPOT A NAME... AND TO THIS DAY IT'S KNOWN AS... **DEATH VALLEY!**

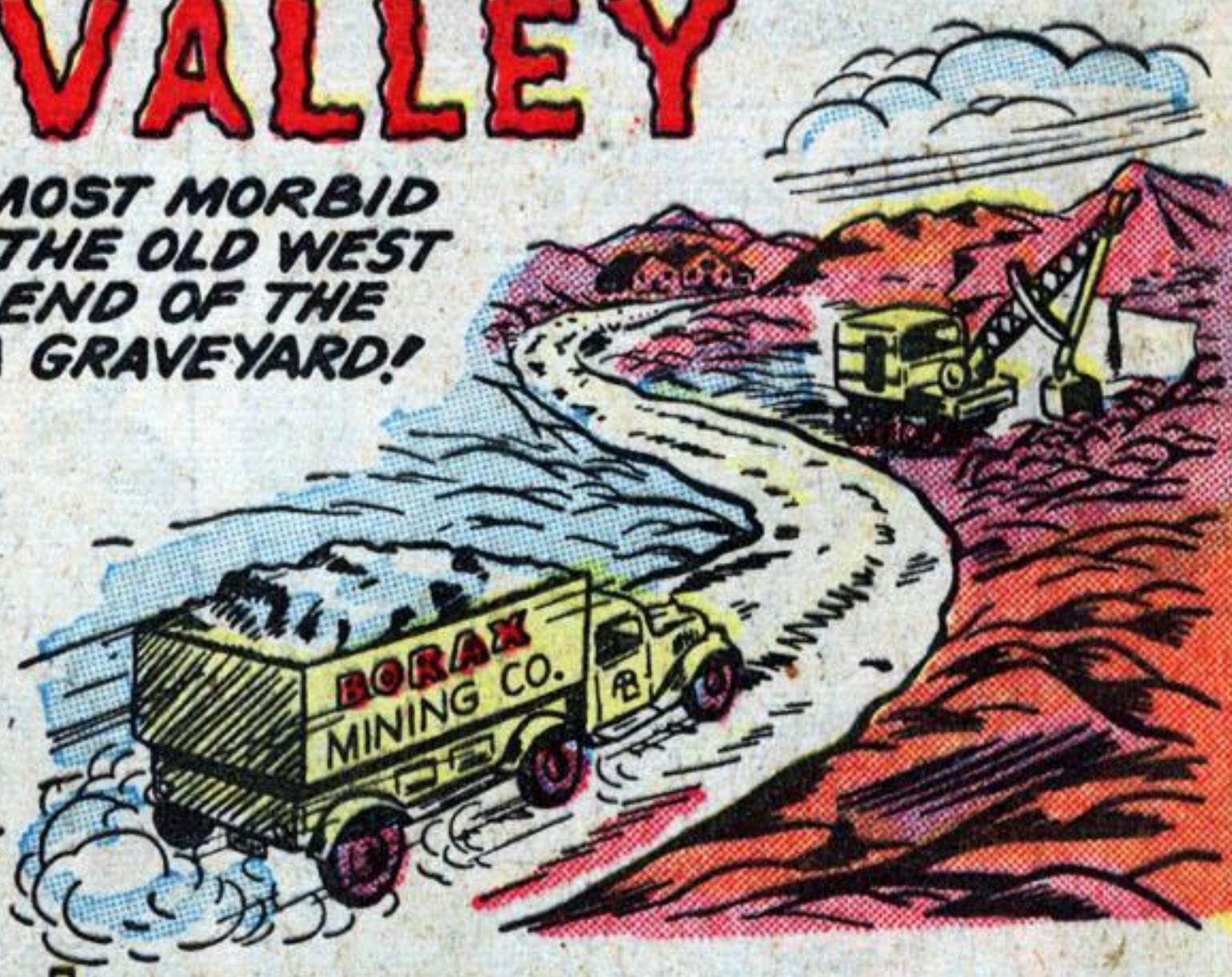


DEATH VALLEY

ONE OF THE MOST MORBID STORIES OF THE OLD WEST IS THIS LEGEND OF THE CALIFORNIA GRAVEYARD!



SOME OF THE HARDY PIONEERS FOUND THAT THE VALLEY CONTAINED LARGE AND RICH DEPOSITS OF BORAX... A VALUABLE MINERAL. STAYING BEHIND, THEY FORMED MULE TEAMS, BLAZED TRAILS AND OPENED MINES. DESPITE THE ALMOST UNBEARABLE HEAT AND UNNATURALLY DRY CLIMATE THEY MANAGED TO MAKE THEIR MEAGER BUT WELL-EARNED FORTUNES!



IN RECENT YEARS THEIR TRAILS HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH HIGHWAYS AND MORE MINES HAVE BEEN OPENED. MANY BRAVE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES IN THIS BARREN WASTELAND-- BUT NOT IN VAIN! THE VALLEY IS NOW A VITAL PART OF AMERICA AND HAS BEEN MODERNIZED AND MADE HABITABLE. **DEATH VALLEY** HAS LOST ITS TERROR OF OLD... BUT IT WILL REMAIN FOREVER A MONUMENT TO THE BRAVE MEN WHO DARED TO CONQUER IT!

THE MOST WONDERFUL DOG IN THE WORLD!

**ON SALE
SOON!**

WATCH FOR IT!

**CHOCK FULL
OF ALL THE
THRILLS
AND
DRAMA
OF LIFE
ITSELF!**

OCT.
NO. 2

Blaze

the **WONDER COLLIE**

BLAZE,
SON OF
FURY!



AMERICA'S
MOST
RESPECTED
COMIC
MAGAZINE!



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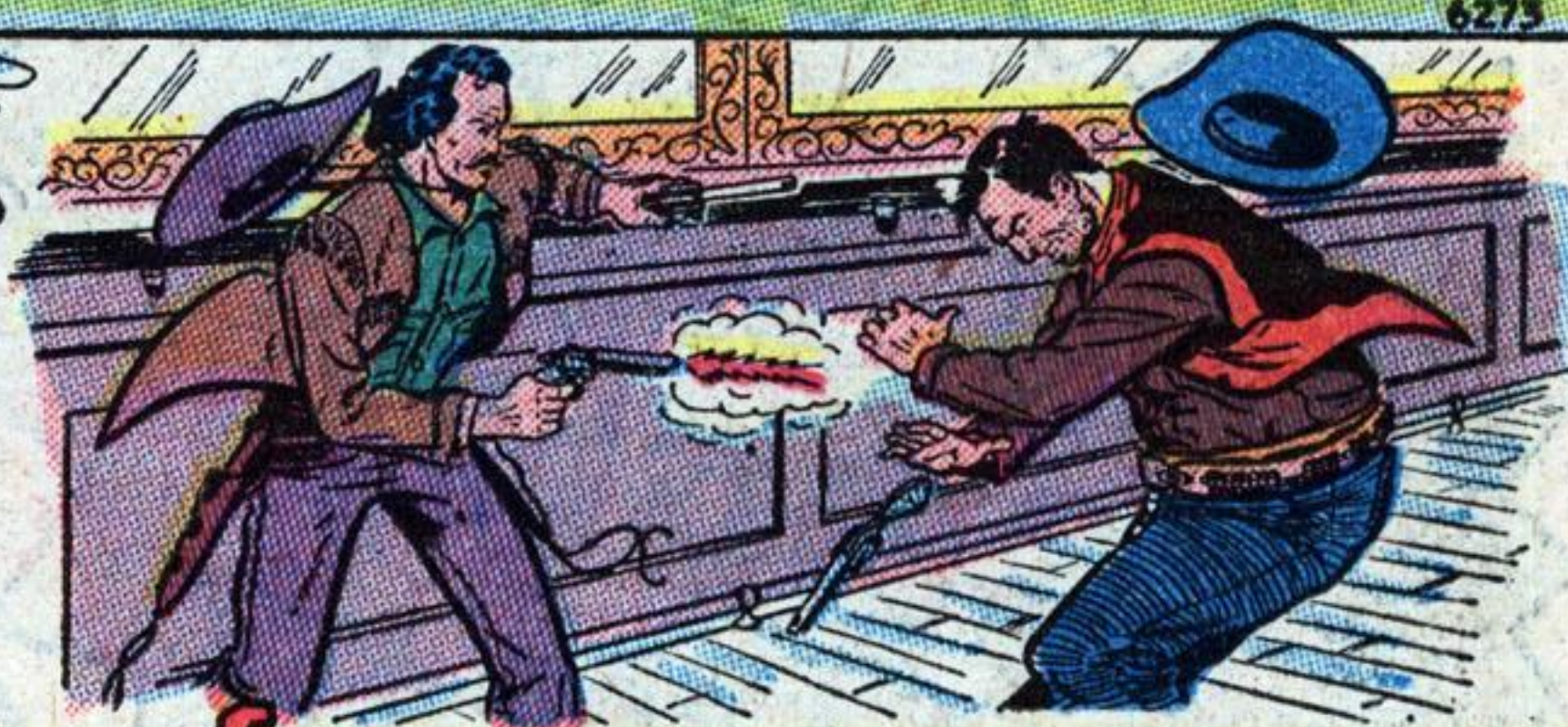
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SCRAPBOOK OF THE WEST

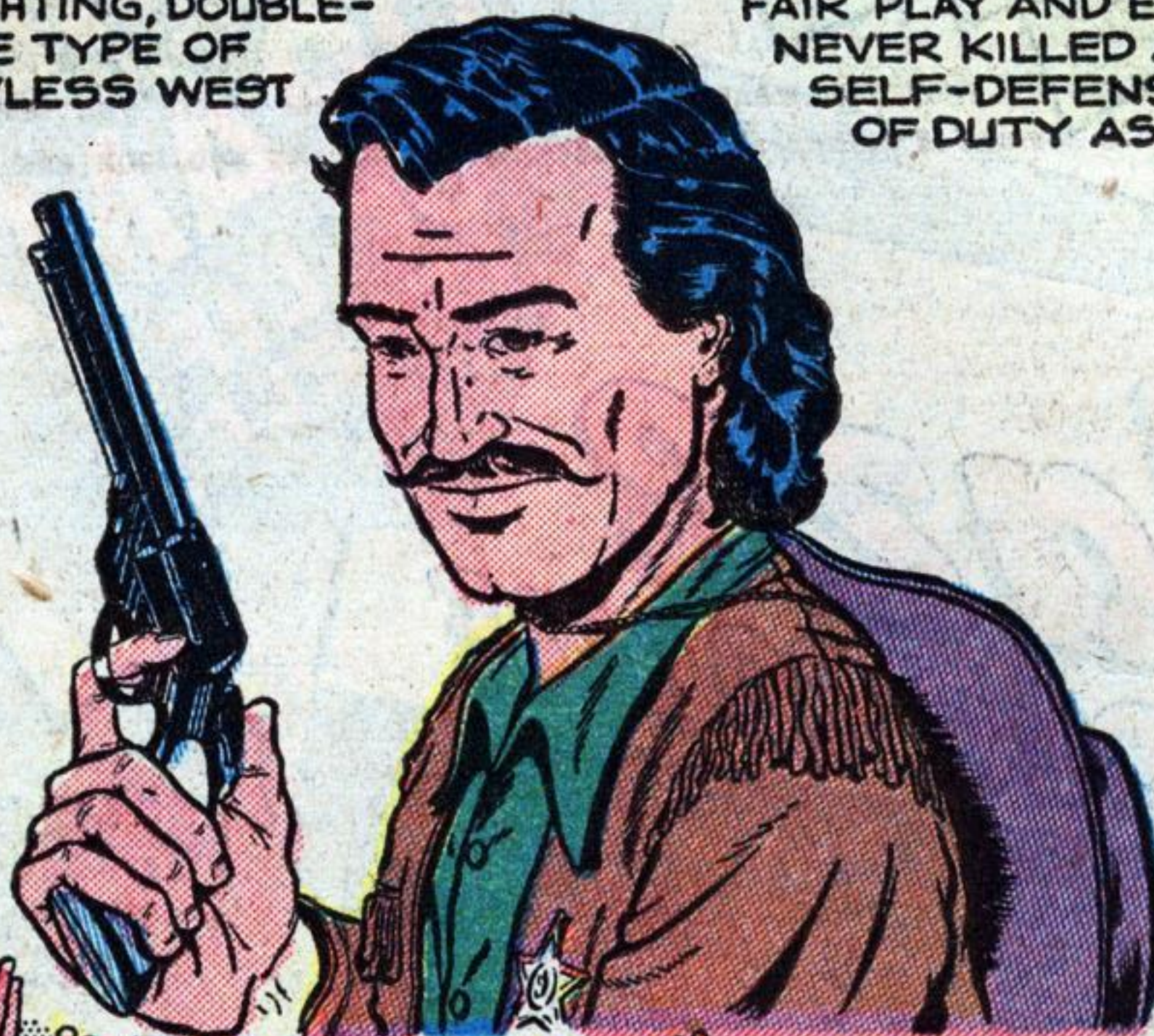
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JAMES BUTLER HICKOK'S EXPERIENCES AS AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, A SCOUT, AND A STAGECOACH DRIVER HELPED TO MOLD HIM INTO A HARD-FIGHTING, DOUBLE-DRAW LAWMAN...THE TYPE OF MAN THE WILD, LAWLESS WEST SORELY NEEDED!



STEEL NERVES AND LION-HEARTED COURAGE ENABLED HIM TO SINGLE-HANDEDLY CONTROL THE FRONTIER OUTLAWS! BELIEVING IN FAIR PLAY AND EVEN CHANCE, HICKOK NEVER KILLED A MAN EXCEPT IN SELF-DEFENSE OR IN THE LINE OF DUTY AS A MARSHAL!



"WILD BILL" HICKOK
"PRINCE OF PISTOLEERS"
 1837-1876



WILD BILL'S SKILL WITH HIS TWIN PAIR OF LONG-BARRELED PISTOLS WAS SECOND TO NONE! ONCE HE FIRED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND IN FRONT OF HIM, AT THE SAME TIME, TO KILL TWO DESPERADOES WHO WERE ABOUT TO GUN HIM DOWN! ALL THE WEST KNEW HIM AS THE "PRINCE OF PISTOLEERS"!

HICKOK WAS PLAYING CARDS ONE DAY IN DEADWOOD, WHEN A GLORY-HUNGRY TINHORN SNEAKED UP BEHIND HIM AND SHOT WILD BILL THROUGH THE HEAD! HICKOK WAS HOLDING A HAND OF ACES AND EIGHTS WHEN HE WAS MURDERED...
"DEAD MAN'S HAND"!

HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!



REDUCE

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

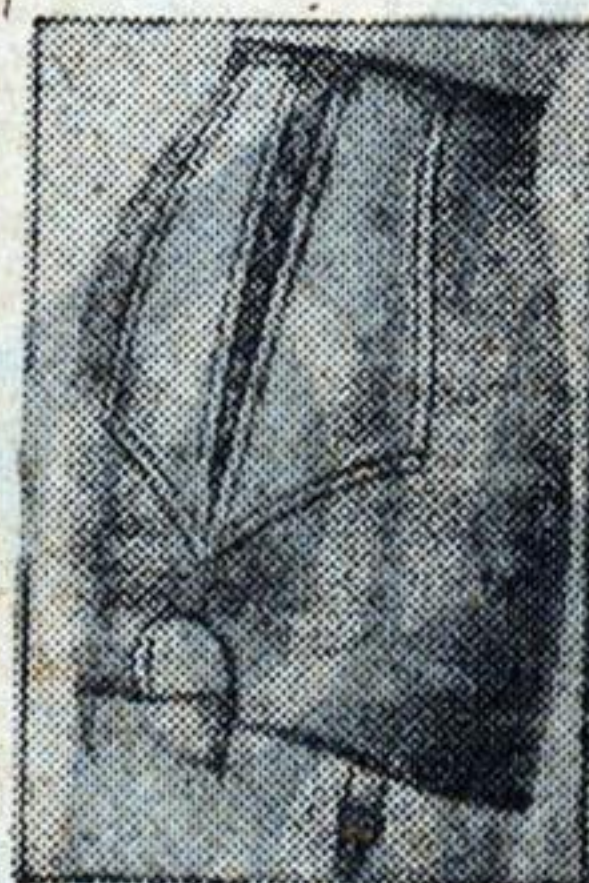
Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new *adjustable* front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and **PRESTO** your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places*, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen*, press upwards and in gently, *but firmly*. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It *readjusts* easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control*. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. *No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer.* Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

ONLY.....\$3.98

Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

FREE:

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

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ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 48
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.
☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage plus handling.
CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26); ☐ Med. (27-28);
☐ Lg. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (34-36);
☐ XXXL (38-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

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ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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ADVENTURES OF YOUR
FAMOUS WESTERN STAR!



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DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR? MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Just try this SYSTEM on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of ATTRACTIVE HAIR that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you.

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WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded. It has a chance to get longer... and much more beautiful. Amazing. The JUELENE System is not a hair restorative.

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To be Set to Music
Submit one or more of your best poems for free examination. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
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These genuine, imported Swiss, one-jewel watches are guaranteed against mechanical defects to give you one full year of split-second, trouble-free timekeeping. Worth far more than the purchase price—each watch has a gleaming chrome-plated case—colored metal face—full radium hands and numbers that glow in the dark—large sweep-second hand—one-jewel Swiss movement—leather strap—raised, unbreakable crystal!

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Amazing Ruby-Red Eyes!

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Kills Rabbits, Squirrels, etc.



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Massive, 12K Gold-Filled, with 3 BIG, FLASHING IMITATION DIAMONDS

Replica of a \$1000 ring. Center stone ruby colored if desired. SEND NO MONEY! Send size or string. Pay postman on arrival plus 20% tax. Money back if not delighted. CHARM JEWELRY CO., Dept. R61 294 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Appear at once TALLER



For years I was called Shorty. I was unpopular... was laughed at by the men in the office... by girls everywhere. I felt miserable. Now the men have changed towards me. And I am popular with the girls, too. No longer embarrassed, I command attention... everywhere.

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At last! Here's something new that gives amazingly simple aids to height increase. Thousands of short men all over America are now adding inches to their appearance—and increasing their popularity too. Many doctors enthusiastically recommend this book for all underheight persons.

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"Short Stature & Height Increase" gives you every apparent method endorsed by scientists and recommended by physicians. Formerly \$3.00. Now only \$1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Command attention, be admired by women. Send no money. Rush coupon today.

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Send SHORT STATURE & HEIGHT INCREASE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my \$1.98 will be refunded.
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☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage.
Enclose \$2.00 with coupon and we ship prepaid.

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Men's Swiss Watch—handsome, accurate. Radium dial and hands. Red sweep second hand. Chrome case. Only \$4.95 plus 10% tax. Ladies' Swiss Watch—dainty, petite model, small second dial, chrome case. Only \$5.95 plus 10% tax. SEND NO MONEY. Mail order. Pay postman correct amount plus postage and tax. Money back if not delighted. Order today!

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BUBBLE GUM JUKE BANK

FILLED WITH 120 BUBBLE GUM BALLS

HI, KIDS! Here's a BIG bargain... a realistic Juke Bank of durable clear plastic, PLUS 120 BALLS of "Rainbo" BUBBLE GUM! Imagine the fun, making those big colored bubbles. And how easy it will be to save your pennies. Just make it a rule to put a coin in the slot and actually buy this gum from yourself when you want it! Sell this fine quality gum to playmates and relatives, too. You can double your money easy! Here's how... we will send you 200 "Rainbo" Bubble Gum Balls for only \$1.00. Sell them for a penny each and you will have \$2.00... a clear profit of \$1.00! Like being in business for yourself. Before you know it your bank will be loaded with money! Hurry—mail your order QUICK! **NO MOTHER!** This Bank will help teach good thrift habits and self-discipline; provide wholesome gum and save you money! Help your child order NOW!

SEND NO MONEY. Upon arrival pay postman only \$1.49 for each Juke Bank filled with 120 Bubble Gum Balls—and only \$1.00 for each carton of 200 "Rainbo" Bubble Gum Refills, plus C.O.D. charges. Or send payment with order for prepaid shipment. Sold on 10-day Money Back Guarantee. Order TODAY!

ELRON CO., 2337 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. BG-1080, Chicago 16, Ill.

200 REFILLS "Rainbo" Bubble Gum Balls \$1.00 only

Includes SURPRISE GIFT

TWO-GUN KID

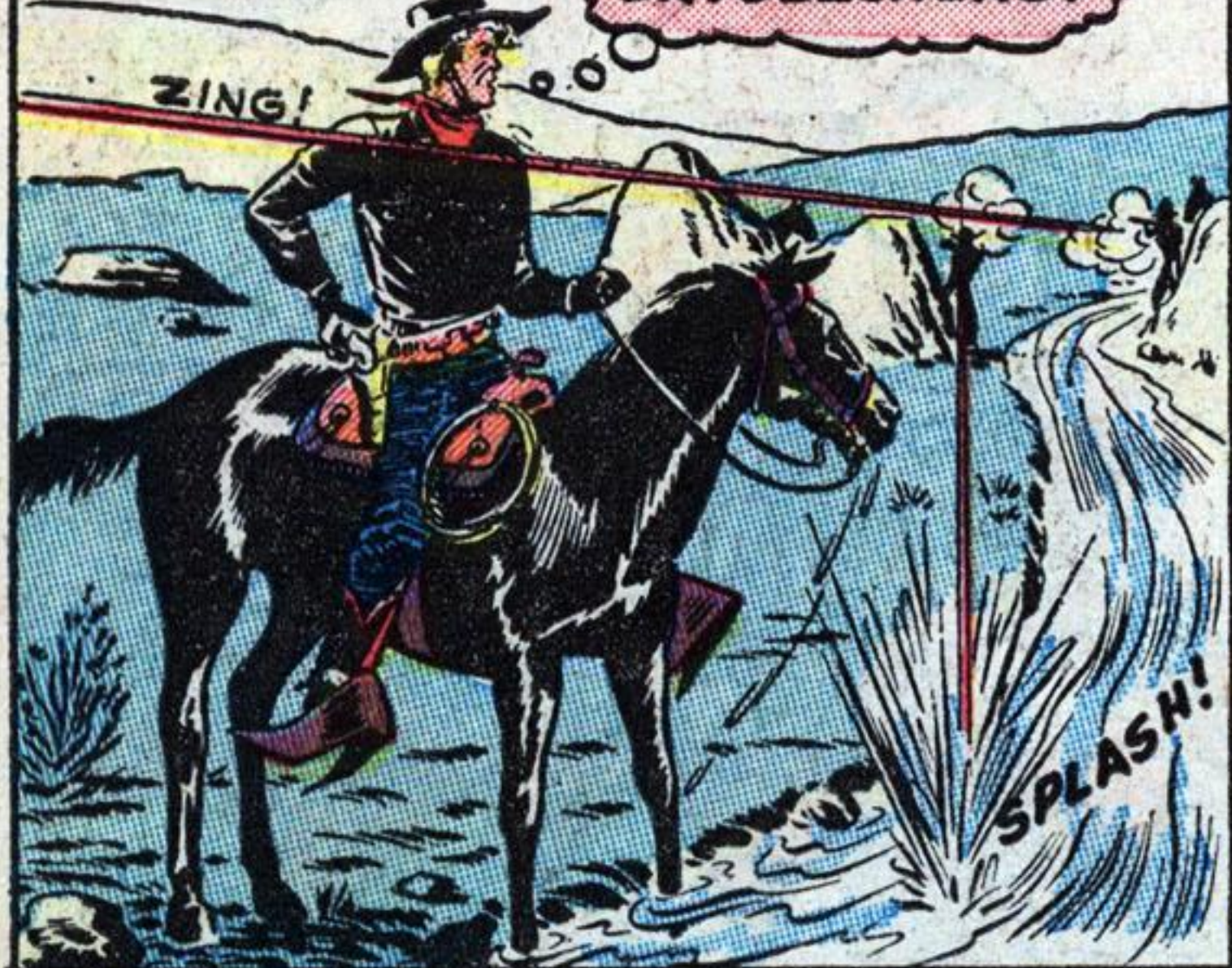
TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO FIRES!

5793

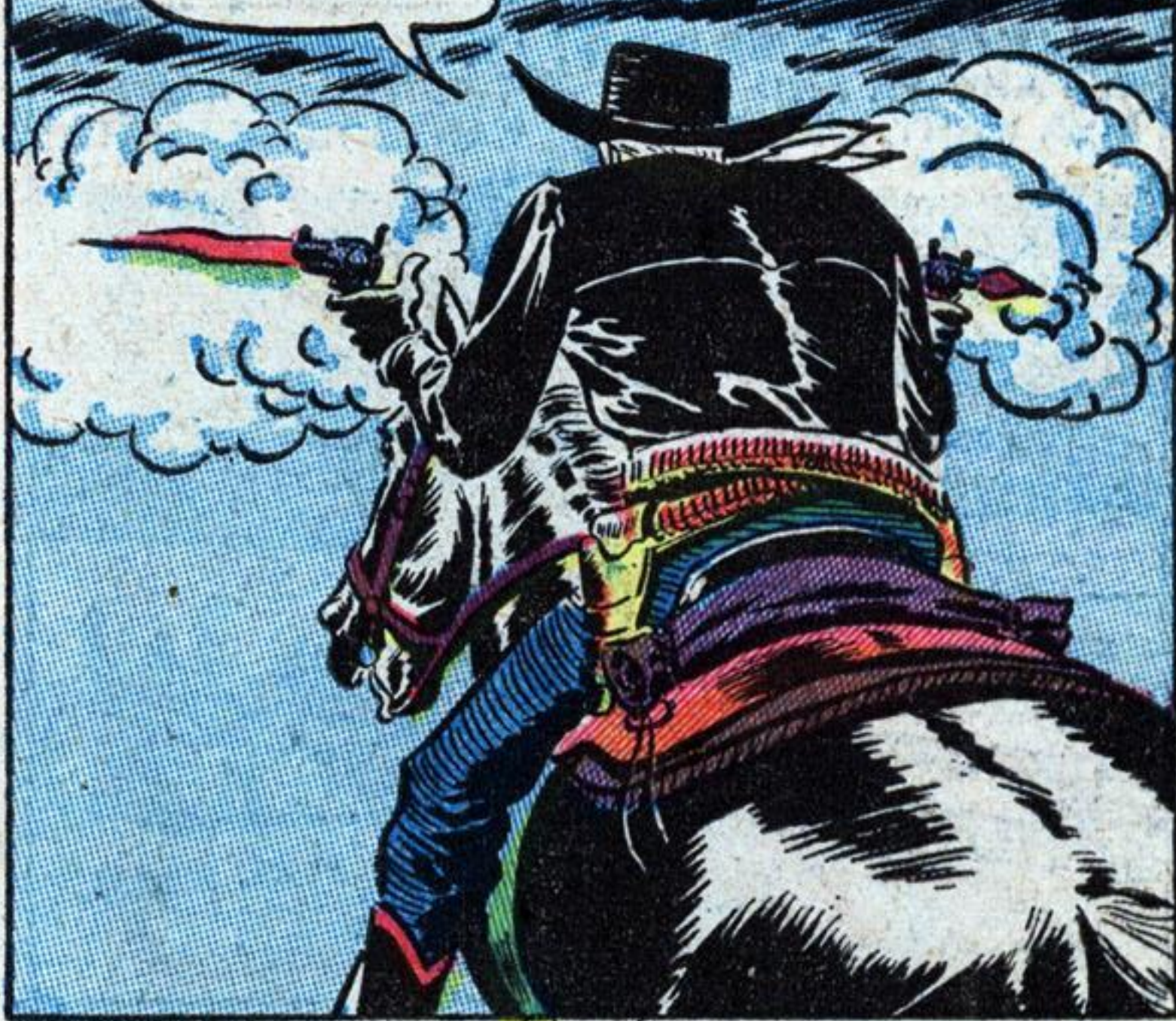


THE ECHO OF THE FEUDING GUNS DIES DOWN AND THE TWO-GUN KID DRIFTS BY TO WATER HIS HORSE, WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOKS LIKE A NICE PLACE TO WATER AND... **DRYGULCHERS!**



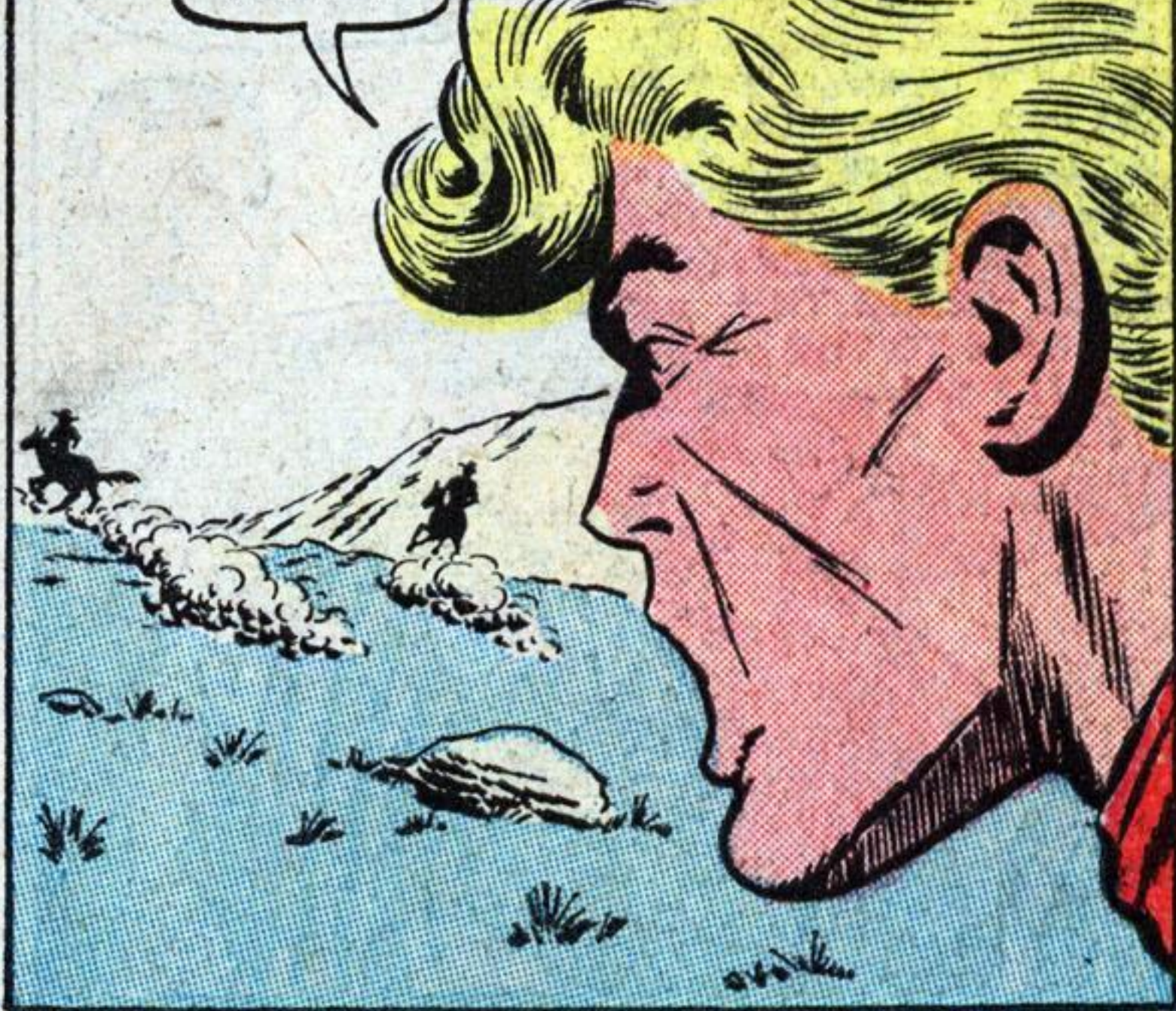
HIGHTAIL IT, CYCLONE! I'LL GET THOSE BUSHWHACKIN' POLECATS!



THEY'RE SPLITTIN' UP! I'LL... MY SADDLE GIRTH'S SPLIT!

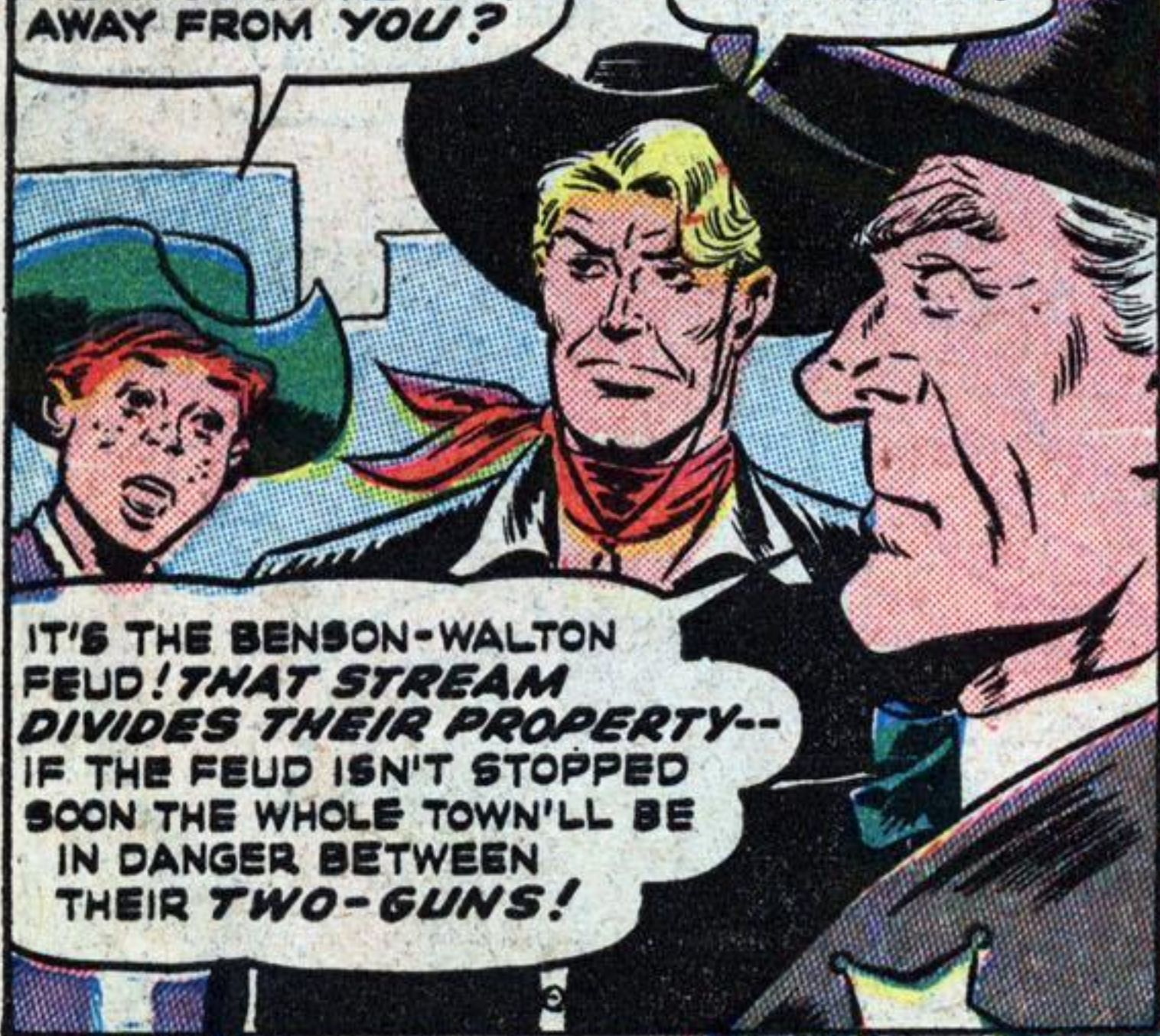


I'LL MEET YOU AGAIN AND YOU WON'T GET AWAY NEXT TIME!



SOON AFTER... GEE, KID, YOU MEAN SOMEONE GOT AWAY FROM YOU?

YES, RUSTY! WONDER WHAT THE SHOOTIN' WAS ABOUT?



IT'S THE BENSON-WALTON FEUD! THAT STREAM DIVIDES THEIR PROPERTY-- IF THE FEUD ISN'T STOPPED SOON THE WHOLE TOWN'LL BE IN DANGER BETWEEN THEIR **TWO-GUNS!**

FEUDIN' STARTS OVER BAD BLOOD AND ENDS IN BLOODSHED! I AIM TO STOP THIS FEUD, PRONTO!

GOOD LUCK, STRANGER! YOU'LL NEED IT!



THE DETERMINED TWO-GUN KID RIDES UP TO THE BENSON RANCH--TWO MEN BEHIND A BARRICADE PEER OVER THEIR GUNSIGHTS AT HIM!

HALT! DROP YOUR IRONS! WHO ARE YA AND WHAT D'YA WANT, MISTER?

TELL BENSON THAT THE TWO-GUN KID WANTS TO SEE HIM!

I'M BENSON!

AWHILE BACK I RODE BY YOUR STREAM AND LEAD STARTED FLYIN'! SEEMS THAT YOU AND WALTON HAVE A FEUD ON!

WE USED TO BE FRIENDS! MY SON, BILL, WAS GOING TO MARRY JANE WALTON, BUT THAT'S OFF--TIM'LL TELL YOU WHY!

I JOINED THE RANCH A MONTH 'BACK AND I WUZ RIDIN' WITH MR. BENSON'S BROTHER WHEN SUDDENLY WE WUZ AMBUSHED, THE **BROTHER KILLED, AND THE MURDERERS** RODE 'CROSS THE STREAM TO THE **WALTON SIDE!**

WHERE WE HEADIN' NOW, KID?

AS SOON AS I SETTLE THIS FEUD, YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR **SCHOOL!** RIGHT NOW WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE WALTONS' TO HEAR THEIR SIDE OF THE STORY!

ONCE PAST THE BARRICADE AT THE WALTON RANCH, THE TWO-GUN KID FINDS THE FEUDING BLOOD RUNNING HOT!

JAKE, HERE, WAS WITH MY SON WHEN IT HAPPENED TWO WEEKS AGO!

BUSHWHACKED WE WUZ--THE KID WAS **SHOT IN THE BACK AND THE KILLERS HEADED OVER TO THE BENSON PLACE!**

ALL RIGHT, DAD! THERE'S BEEN A DEATH ON EACH SIDE! CALL IT EVEN AND STOP, BEFORE MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE KILLED!

I'M NOT STOPPIN'! AND NO DAUGHTER OF MINE IS GOING TO MARRY THE SON OF HER BROTHER'S MURDERER!





BUT THE NEXT DAY THE FEUD FLARES INTO ITS FULL BLOODY FURY...

THE **BENSONS** DISCOVERED A DEAD LONGHORN OF THEIRS AN' THEY'RE **RIDING TO THE WALTONS!**

I'D BETTER WARN 'EM!

WAIT FOR ME!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE



IF YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR THE WALTONS, THEY'RE DOWN BY THE STREAM! THEY FOUND A DEAD SHEEP AND ARE **RIDIN' FOR THE BENSONS!**

LET'S GO, CYCLONE! WE'VE GOT TO **RIDE BETWEEN THE TWO FEUDERS' GUNS AND STOP 'EM!**



LOOK, KID! THERE ARE THE BENSONS!

AND HERE COME THE WALTONS! **HALT! PUT UP YOUR IRONS AND PULL UP!**



OUTTA THE WAY, YA MEDDLIN' DRIFTER! **AIEEE!**

I SAID DROP YOUR GUNS!

NEVER MIND HIM-- GET THE BENSONS!

BANG!



STILL LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT?

URGHH!

LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, KID!



I'LL SPLIT YOUR SMART HEAD OPEN!

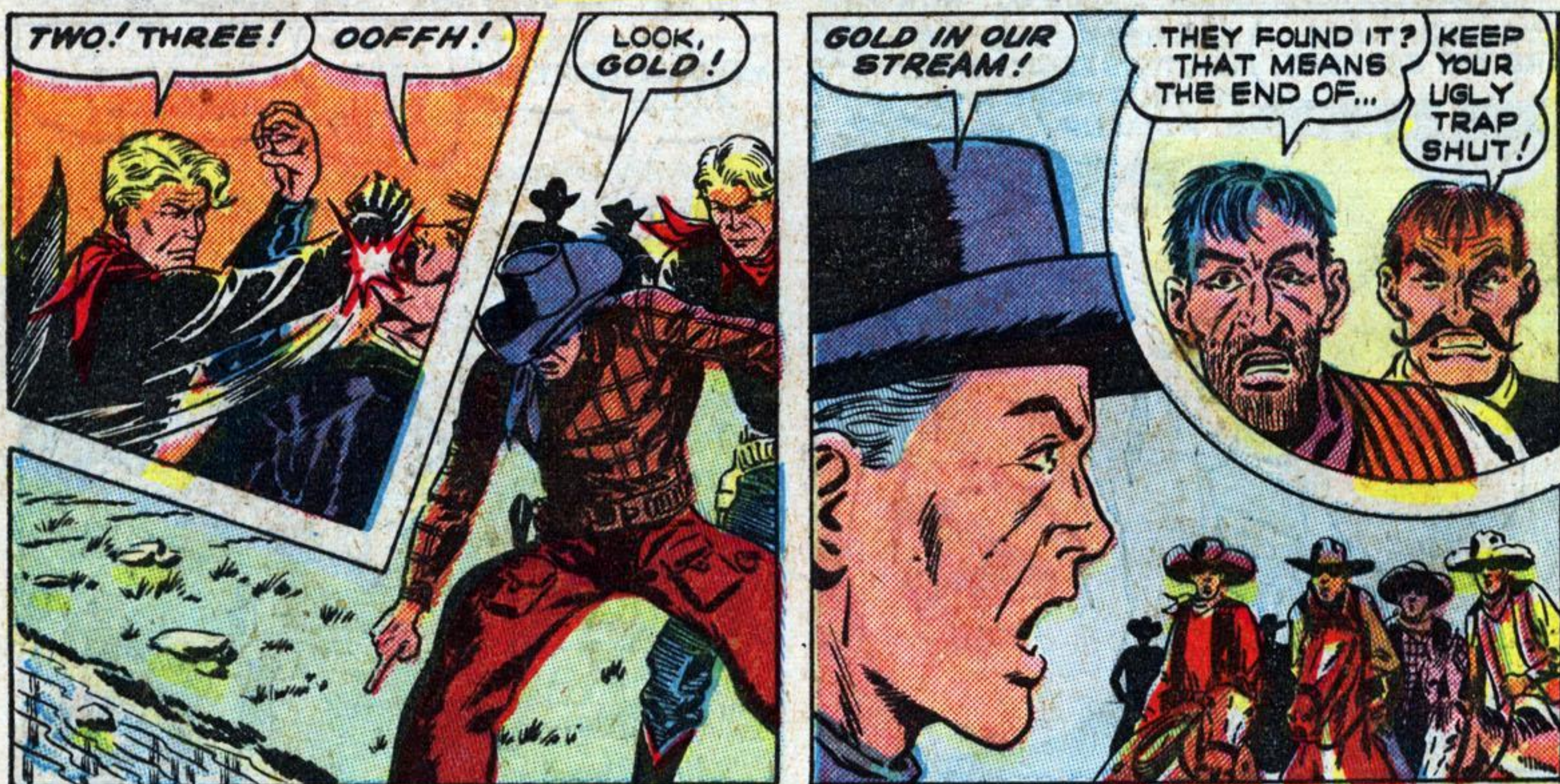


KID, THAT'S THE PICK MY HORSE STUMBLED OVER!

AND HE MUST BE THE HOMBRE WHO FIRED AT ME!

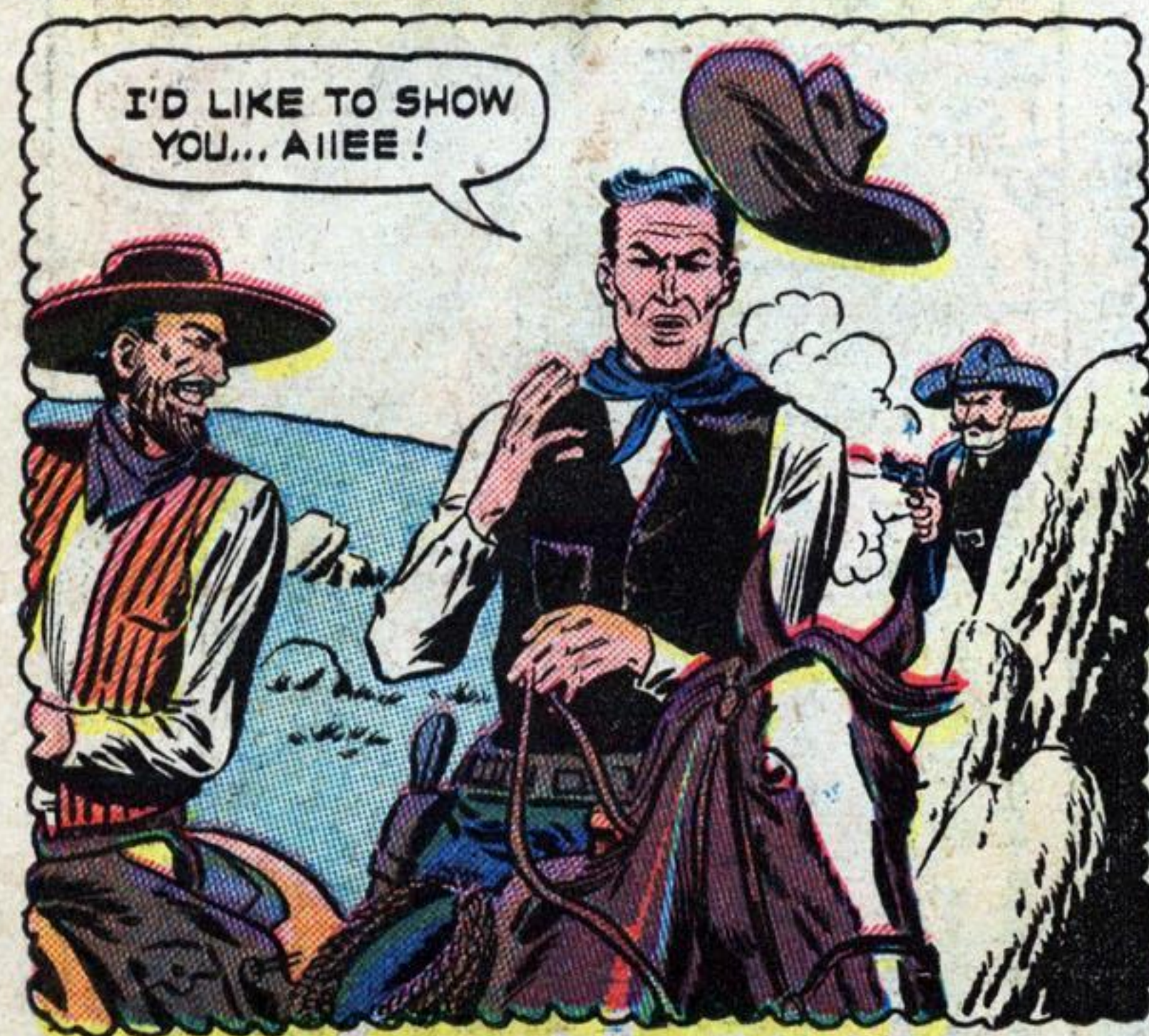
I'LL FINISH YA OFF THIS TIME!







"WE EACH JOINED A RANCH! I RODE OUT WITH MR. BENSON'S BROTHER! **JAKE DID THE REST...**



TAKE 'EM OFF! THERE'S A GALLOWS WAITIN' FOR 'EM!

THANKS TO THE TWO-GUN KID, THE FEUDS ENDED! I SUGGEST THAT WE CHANGE THIS STREAM FROM BEING A BORDER TO BECOMIN' THE COMMON PROPERTY OF OUR CHILDREN!

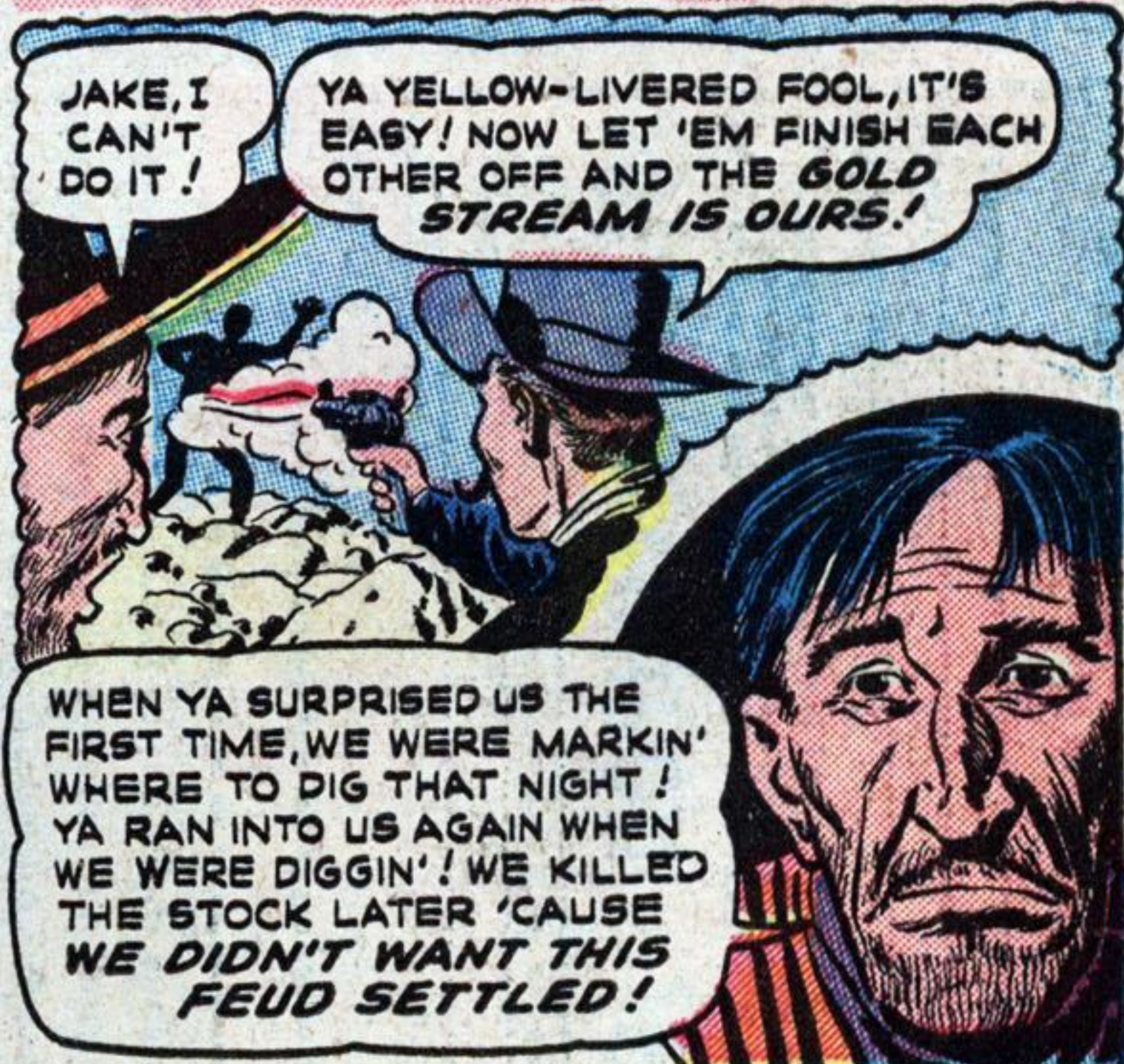


"WE WANTED THE GOLD AND THERE WAS **ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT...**

THIS STREAM IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF BENSON AND WALTON--THEY'D NEVER SELL IT! BUT IF WE **START A FEUD** AND LET 'EM KILL EACH OTHER OFF-- **WE CAN BUY CHEAP!**



"TO GET THE FEUD GOIN', JAKE WANTED ME TO KILL THE WALTON BOY..."



SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY NICE **WEDDIN' PRESENT** FOR 'EM, WALTON!

COME ON, RUSTY! **THIS** ISN'T THE SORT OF SCHOOLIN' I HAVE IN MIND FOR YOU!



THE END

Get this **SAF-T-SHEATH** **HUNTING KNIFE**



CUTS COLD
ROLLED STEEL



HUNTING and
FISHING BRINGS
THE SPORTSMAN
WHAT HE WANTS
TO KNOW ON
"HOW TO..."

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we'll send you

**THE MARINE CORPS KNIFE
AND THE SUN GLASSES**

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COUPON

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**THE GENUINE SAF-T-SHEATH
HUNTING KNIFE**

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OR; FOR **ALL SIX** COUPONS
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**ALL THREE BIG GIFTS—
THE MARINE CORPS KNIFE,
THE AIR FORCE TYPE
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THE SAF-T-SHEATH KNIFE.**



**YOUR GIFTS WILL BE SENT YOU
WITHIN 10 DAYS AFTER WE RECEIVE
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YOU CAN USE THESE SUN GLASSES EVERYWHERE!



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FOR ONE COUPON

we'll send you the

OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS KNIFE

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we'll send you the

AIR FORCE TYPE SUN GLASSES,
complete with Leatherette Case

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Start Now... THIS OFFICIAL Marine Corps KNIFE



Literally hundreds of uses make this knife an indispensable tool once it's in your hands. Used by the most rugged branch of the armed forces... built to take heavy punishment... last for years. Leathernecks swear by it. Three chrome vanadium steel blades—Master Spear, Spay, and Pen—hold a sharp edge... are readily resharpened. Rust-proof, scratch-proof handle. Wonderful for tool box, tackle box, or hunting jacket.

**EXCLUSIVE WITH
Hunting & Fishing
MAGAZINE**
EVERY ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE CARRIES A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WITH AREAS INDICATED WHERE THE SPORTSMAN MAY LEGALLY TAKE GAME FISH AND BIG GAME FOR THAT MONTH.



FOR MODEL MAKING



FOR CARVING—
CUTTING—WHITTLING



FOR CAMPING—PICNICS

HUNTING and FISHING ADVISES THE MAN OF THE OUTDOORS....

"WHEN TO"

... use a fishing plug or a fly, or a strip of bacon for bait...
go fresh water fishing... go deep sea fishing... hunt for deer
... hunt for 'coon... use a .30-30 caliber instead of a .30-06.

HUNTING and FISHING

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1

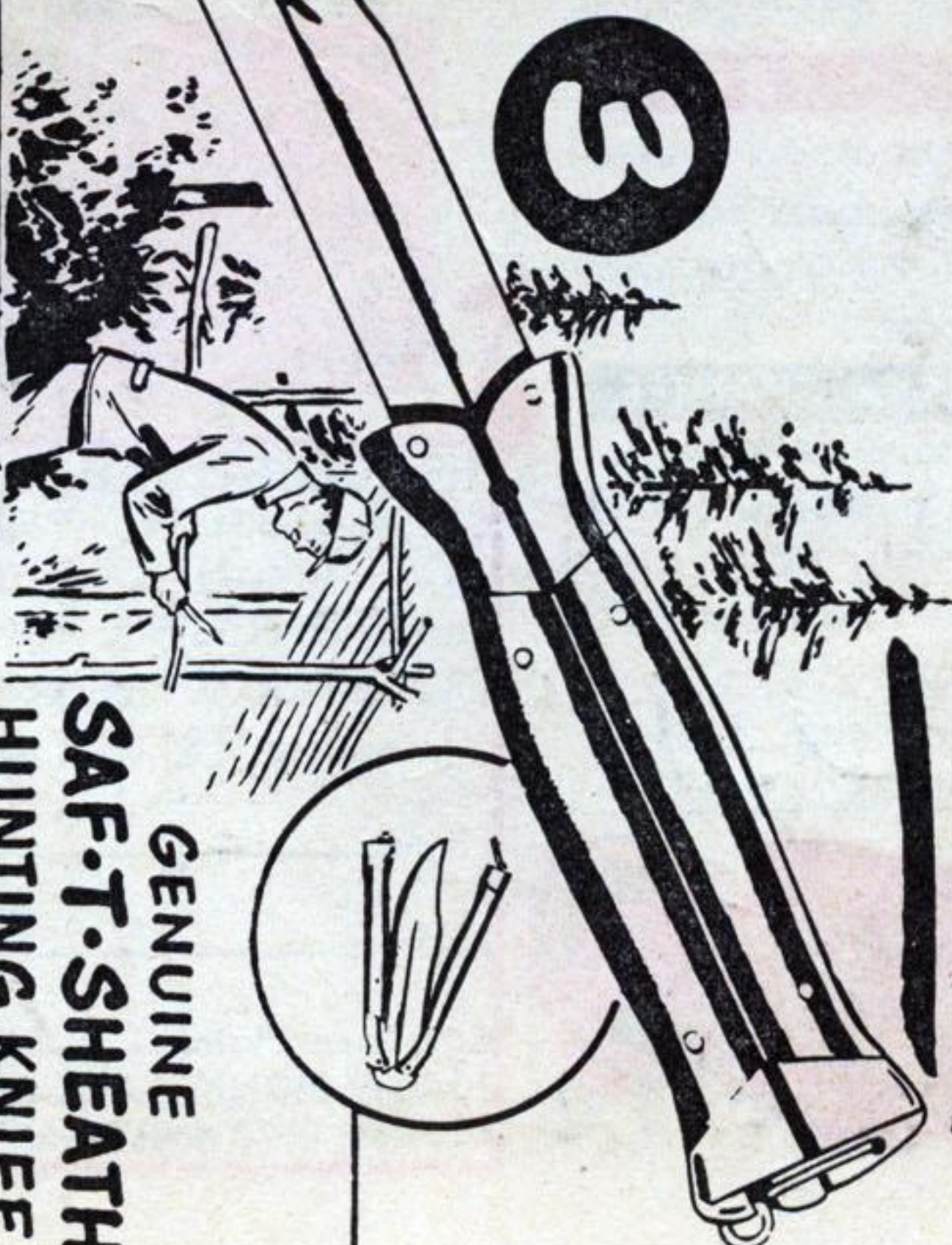


2

"NAVIGATOR" MILIT-AIR
U.S. Army Air Force Type
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3



• High standard of "Chromoptic" • Plastic Brow Bar and Self-ad-
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• Complete with Leatherette case



OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS KNIFE

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- Brass-lined with nickel silver rivets
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Each of the coupons on the following pages is worth \$1.00 as ONE THIRD PAYMENT on a full 18 months subscription to HUNTING AND FISHING MAGAZINE. Your friends, neighbors, and relatives who like to hunt, fish, or go camping will be eager to make this remarkable saving on this up-to-the-minute outdoor sportsman's magazine.

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SAF-T-SHEATH
HUNTING KNIFE

- Cuts cold rolled steel
- Blade folds into handle
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Follow these
EASY
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TEX SMITH
The HARMONICA MAN Says



Simple,
Easy, Lots
of Fun!

**Play your
first tune**

5 minutes after you start!

Just think! You play hillbilly songs, popular tunes, semi-classics, waltzes, old hymns...almost at once! My complete A-B-C picture course will thrill you because it's so downright easy! I've taught thousands from 6 to 60 to play who never played before...and I can show you how! No drills, no exercises! No need for special musical talent or knowledge!

MAKE NEW FRIENDS AND KEEP OLD ONES!

In no time at all you'll be able to pick up the harmonica anywhere, anytime and surprise your friends by playing. They'll be proud of you. And you'll get real pleasure from this new skill! Yes, now do your share at parties, dances, get-togethers.

PLASTIC HARMONICA FREE!

I send it with my picture method course! Plays beautiful rich tones. Easy to keep clean and sweet. You'll never be without it! It's a real comfort.

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If you are not completely delighted... if your friends don't admire and congratulate you on your new-found skill...just return course and harmonica in 10 days for full refund.

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Great Fun To Form Harmonica Band!**



**DON'T RISK
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**"LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO
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WITH THE HARMONICA!"**

The very first day...!
Play any song you can
whistle, hum, or sing.



**TEX SMITH'S
FAMOUS
A-B-C METHOD**

only **\$1.69** complete with
jam-packed
Song Book!

**Plus
Fine 10-Hole
HARMONICA**

FREE



**Easy to get
Trick Effects!**

I'll show you how to produce church bell tones, ghost noises, train effect, sliding notes... all the professional touches that mark the expert player!

**Make This EASY
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- 1st Minute**—learn the secret of the numbers!
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 - 3rd Minute**—learn the secret of drawing in!
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 - 5th Minute**—play your first song!
- ... actually as easy as this!



Surprise
Your
Friends

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Dear Tex: Send me your A-B-C simple course on how to play the harmonica PLUS FREE 10-HOLE HARMONICA for my use.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postman \$1.69 plus postage.
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